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LONG AGO.

BY S. W. F.

When opal tints and gray invade,
The crimson of the west—
When daylight's lingering traces fade,
And song-birds seek the nest—
When shadows fall o'er hill and plain,
And stars in heaven glow,
We live in memory once again
The days of long ago.

And friends of days for ever o'er
Around us closely stand,
We feel the kindly grasp once more
Of many a "vanished hand;"
And though fond, loyal, brave, and true
May be the friends we know,
No friends can match the friends we knew
And loved long, long ago.

And though we form new friends, new ties,
New joys, new pleasures try,
And though new hopes like phantoms rise
As in the days gone by,
When comes the holy calm of eve,
Our tears unbidden flow;
We love, we hope, we plan and grieve
Again in Long Ago.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XXV.

As Stannard Marshbank saw, in the moonlight, the face of Ralph Forster, his heart leaped to his mouth with a sick and deadly fear. There was not only fury and that longing for vengeance which Ralph Forster's face might be expected to wear, but on it an expression of stern determination to wreak that vengeance upon the villain who had ruined the woman he loved and wrecked his life.

Stannard tried to put a bold face on it, and forcing a sickly smile, said—

"Ah, Forster, is that you? This is a bad business. If there is anything I can do—"

Ralph looked at him with steady, ferocious eyes.

"Yes!" he said. "There is something you can do, and you are going to do it. You have got a man to deal with now, not an innocent, unsuspecting girl. You've deceived her, you've deceived Lord Fayne, but you can't deceive me—you can't escape me."

"I—I don't understand you, Forster," said Stannard.

"You will soon!" said Forster, grimly. "You'll understand what I mean when I tel you that I've been down below there, within a few feet of you, that I've heard every word you and Lord Fayne said."

"You have heard—you know?" Stannard recoiled a step.

"Yes, I know it is you who are the villain, and not Lord Fayne. That it's you who lured Grace to her ruin, and not him; that it's you who stood by just now, over there at the house, and let a man bear the blame of your villainy. Mr. Marshbank, you're a cunning scoundrel, a cowardly, cunning scoundrel; you've been clever enough to impose on Lord Fayne and upon Miss Winsdale, but your little game is up. I'm going to take care that he and she—and everybody—knows what you are."

Stannard Marshbank moistened his dry lips.

"What—what are you going to do?" he asked.

"I'm going to take you back to White Cot," said Ralph.

"What then?" demanded Stannard. "Look here, Forster, be sensible; let us look at this miserable affair like practical men. What's done can't be undone. It was not altogether my fault. She was quite as ready to go as I was to take her—"

Ralph Forster made a threatening gesture. "It's a lie!" he said. "Say another word against her—"

Stannard put up his hand deprecatingly "I won't, I won't! But listen to me, Forster; I know you're angry. I don't say you haven't cause to be; but try and consider the matter like a calm and sensible man, there s a good fellow! I'm willing—I'm anxious to—to make you a fair compensation for the—the little mistake I made. I tell you what I'll do. I'll settle a nice little income upon her—or you, if you like—an income that will make you quite independent, and keep you like a gentleman. You can marry her, you can buy a comfortable little public somewhere in London or down in the country, where people never heard of you, and won't ask any questions. You'll be as happy as if this little trouble had never happened. After all, what does it matter, nobody will know—"

Forster ground his teeth. He seemed choking with rage. "You offer me money to marry your leavings?" he said, hoarsely; "is that what you mean? I tell you, if you offered me a gold mine I wouldn't do it I'm going to take you back to White Cot. I'm going to tell them all there the whole truth. I'm going to show Miss Winsdale the sort of man she was going to marry. And then I'm going to make you marry Grace!"

Stannard Marshbank stepped back, astounded, petrified, by the words; his white lips twitched; then he laughed a laugh of contempt and mockery.

"My good fellow," he said, with a sneer, "you must be out of your mind! Marry Grace Warner—that girl—why should I?"

The terrible insolence of the question maddened Ralph. He was speechless for a moment, then his hand shot out towards Stannard's throat.

Stannard sprang aside. "Don't touch me!" he cried, in an agony of fear. "Don't strike me!" His eyes glanced from side to side with the swift, covert look of a hunted animal. "Perhaps—you're right. I—I'll do what you like. Come—come to-morrow; it's late to-night."

"No," said Ralph, "I'm going to take you to White Cot to-night, if it is ten times as late. Will you come quietly, or—"

"I'll come quietly," said Stannard. "You're ruining me, and doing yourself no good. You'd much better accept my offer. There! I won't say any more."

"Come on!" said Ralph, fiercely.

They walked on for a few yards Ralph striding a little in advance along the path by the edge of the quarry. The sinister, hunted look was still on Stannard's drawn and haggard face. He looked from side to side with the desperate expression of a detected criminal searching for any means of escape, however slight. Suddenly the moon shone out clearly and was reflected upon a pool of water in one of the hollows at the bottom of the quarry. The pool and its reflection struck upon Stannard Marshbank's harassed brain with the sense of the depth of the quarry beneath them. A murderous idea leapt into his mind. He looked round about him and over his shoulder, and listened intently.

There was no sound beside that of the footsteps of the two men, and Ralph's heavy, stertorous breathing. They were alone on the desolate moor, with no one to come between them. The murderous longing grew within Stannard Marshbank's breast until it absorbed and over-mastered him.

The spirit of Cain thrilled through every vein of his body. His hatred of this low, vulgar clown who had dared to threaten him—him, Stannard Marshbank, a man of intellect, a gentleman of delicate refinement!—with exposure, burnt like a coal within his heart.

With a low cry like that of a wolf he sprang upon Forster from behind.

The attack was so sudden, Forster was so unprepared, that he staggered, and almost fell. The gun dropped from his hand, and he flung his arms round Stannard; but he was on one knee, and Stannard was standing firmly on both feet. Notwithstanding his great strength, Forster was at a disadvantege. Stannard exerted all his strength and forced Forster backward, so that his head and shoulders projected over the edge of the quarry. The two men's faces were close together, their teeth set, their eyes glaring into each other's.

Ralph knew that he dared not exert all his strength, for in doing so his uncertain foothold might be lost; but he clung with the tenacity of a bear to his assailant, resolved that if he went over the quarry to drag Stannard Marshbank with him.

Stannard saw this, and, with a snarl, bent his head, and, like a very wolf indeed, fixed his teeth in Forster's arm. The pain was so intolerable that Forster's grip relaxed. It was only for an instant, but Stannard seized the momentary advantage, and, releasing himself, struck Forster a blow full in the face and thrust him over the quarry.

Forster fell without a cry. Stannard Marshbank crept to the brink, and looked over, with white face and starting eyes. He heard the dull thud as the heavy body struck the ground.

Ralph Forster lay motionless. Stannard Marshbank stared down at him for what seemed to him an eternity. What should he do? Was the man dead? If not, what was Stannard's position? Ralph Forster would recover, would carry out his threat, and expose him. All would be lost; he would lose the Earl's money, he would lose Eva, he would be tried for a murderous assault upon the lover of the girl he had ruined and abandoned!

At any rate, he must go down and see if the man were living or dead. As he rose from his crouching attitude he saw the gun which Ralph Forster had dropped. Mechanically he took it up, and, descending the quarry with stealthy steps, reached the prostrate man, and knelt beside him. Blood was streaming from a wound upon the back of Forster's head. It was still flowing; the man was still alive. He opened his eyes, looked hazily at Stannard, then struggled to speak. "I shall live long enough to show you up, you scoundrel!" he gasped faintly.

That threat maddened Stannard. He sprang to his feet, snatched up the gun, and, aiming full at Forster's head, fired.

A cry of agony rose from the lips, made horrible by the cowardly murder. Its echoes rang thinly from side to side, then died away. Stannard Marshbank looked round, and then up at the cloud flecked sky. It seemed to him at that moment as if a thousand eyes were fixed upon him denouncingly.

He bent over his victim, and laid a trembling hand upon his heart. It was quite still. Stannard shrank back with a shudder of horror and fear.

"My God!" he whispered, hoarsely. "He's dead!"

At such a moment even the vilest, most callous of men stand face to face with that spirit which revealed itself to Cain at the first murder. At such a moment hell gapes wide, and the laughter of a thousand mocking devels rings in the assassin's ear.

Stannard Marshbank trembled and shook in every limb; he felt deathly sick; he could not take his eyes from the scorched and blood-flecked face that stared up at him in the moonlight, but gazed down at it with wide-distended eyes and loosely-hanging lips. How long he stood thus he would never know, but at last the paralyzing horror gave place to the instincts of selfish fear and self-preservation.

He turned and walked, at first slowly, away from the body, but still looking over his shoulder at it as if the dead face fascinated him. It was not until he had turned one of the rugged corners of the quarry and got out of sight of the dead, murdered, man that he quickened his steps.

He climbed to the moor, and quickly and stealthily crossed it and gained the lane leading to the Court. His brain was beginning to work.

He considered his situation.

He had left White Cot with the Earl and Lady Janet. They had gone to their rooms broken down by grief and shame over the supposed guilt of Heriot Fayne. Stannard had also gone to his room, but the desire to know where Heriot and Grace and Ralph had gone, and what they were going to do, made it impossible for him to go to bed. He had felt that it was imperatively necessary that he should learn their intentions without the loss of a moment.

Without having formed any definite plans, he resolved to go and find Heriot or Grace and make some terms with them. He had left his room and gone down stairs stealthily; the servants had gone to bed; the great house was in darkness.

He had let himself out by a window in the library, and had climbed the park fencing so as not to disturb the lodge-keeper. So far as he knew no one had seen him leave the Court; the Earl and Lady Janet had seen him enter his bedroom, and must have heard him lock the door.

He had said good-night to the butler and one of the footman; without doubt they were all firmly convinced that he was in bed and asleep at this moment. If h could only regain his room without being seen or heard, what evidence could be brought against him?

With the greatest caution, keeping well within the shadow of the hedge, he made his way to the park fence, climbed over it, and with bent back and crouching attitude, using every tree as a screen, he made his way through the thick shrubbery to the library window, entered by it, closed it noiselessly, and then stood listening with suppressed breath.

The vast place was as silent as when he left it. He took off his boots, and, carrying them in his hand, went upstairs to his room, softly locked the door, and sank, a palpitating heap, into a chair.

His acute brain went to work. They would find the body of Ralph Forster in the morning. Upon whom would suspicion fall? Forster was a game-keeper; there had been a great deal of poaching of late by the miners; in the first place, suspicion would fall upon them. What more likely than that, in an encounter with one of these rough and reckless men, the game keeper should lose his life? Certainly no one would be ready to suspect him, Stannard. Why should Mr. Stannard Marshbank, Member of Parliament, a gentleman of position, and of irreproachable character, murder his uncle's game-keeper? Unless—and at the thought his ashen face twitched with sudden dread—Heriot Fayne or Grace Warner should come forward to tell the true story of her betrayal. At the thought of the danger that lay in that direction he seemed to feel the hangman's noose pressing on his throat.

Well, after all, it was no evidence against him. His word would be taken against that of such a man as Heriot Fayne and a fallen woman, whose desire to avenge herself would afford motive enough to a false testimony.

He could only wait and keep up his courage. What else could he do? Flight would be childish, absurd, a confession of guilt. Yes; he could only wait and put a bold front upon it. After all, he repeated to himself a hundred times, there was no evidence against him, not a title.

He was about to light a candle to undress himself by when he remembered that the light might be seen by someone outside, and he proceeded to undress himself in the dark. He took off his coat and waistcoat, unfastened the sleeve links of one shirt wrist, and was about to loosen the other when he discovered that the gold links were missing.

What had become of it? Had he dropped it at White Cot out in the Court, or had it been torn during his struggle with Ralph Forster? If so, where was it? Good God! It might be lying on the edge of the cliff, on the spot where the struggle had taken place. It might be found beside the body. Every inch of the ground would be searched by microscope detectives.

No evidence against him! That accursed sleeve link would be sufficient to send him to the gallows? He clutched the edge of the dressing table, palsied with fear. After all, though, was it so damning? Had anyone noticed the sleeve links? They were of an ordinary pattern, such as might be seen in any jeweler's in Bond Street.

He must get rid of the remaining links. He looked round the room in search of some place in which to hide them. If he could wait until to-morrow it would be easy enough to dig them into the ground with a turn of the heel; but he could not wait. His eyes fell upon the fireplace; he thrust up his arm and carefully placed the links upon a slight ledge in the chimney just above the stove; then, in the faint moonlight, he chose another pair of links from a drawer in the dressing-table, and inserted them in the wrists of his shirt.

When he had completely undressed he examined his clothes. There were no marks of the struggle excepting some earth on the knees of his trousers. He removed this carefully with a clothes-brush, folded his clothes, and placed them upon a chair, and, after gulping down a glass of water, which struck like ice upon his burning throat, got into bed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HERIOT, after he had left Stannard Marshbank, walked towards the cottage.

Of course, he had been a bigger fool than before in permitting Stannard Marshbank to deceive him; but, with all his faults, Heriot Fayne was honest minded and truthful, and men of his character can always be easily deceived by men like Stannard Marshbank.

Besides, Stannard had really played his part extremely well. He would have imposed upon a far better judge of human nature than Heriot Fayne. Then, again, Heriot could see no reason why Eva should accept Stannard unless she loved him, and, with his own eyes, he had seen her in Stannard's arms.

So, after all, there was some excuse for Heriot's soft-headedness. There was only one thing for him now to do, to bind Grace over to secrecy, and then to clear out of the country. He was terribly wretched, as he strolled across the moor. He loved Eva with all his heart, and the thought that she was lost to him for ever, that she was won by Stannard Marshbank, of all men in the world, filled him with misery.

He reached the cottage, but he did not go in. He could not face the Warners, or talk to Grace before them. He would wait for Grace outside. He lit his pipe, and paced up and down. He didn't think of Ralph Forster. He was absolutely without fear, and, so far as that went, Ralph Forster was quite at liberty to shoot him, or knock him on the head, if he had a fancy that way; indeed, Heriot would have been extremely obliged to any man for putting an end to an existence which had suddenly become almost unendurable.

After a lapse of five or ten minutes, he saw Grace approaching, and went to meet her. She had been crying, and her eyes were swollen. She lifted her pale face, and waited for him to speak.

"Grace," he said, and his voice was husky, "I want to thank you, before I say another word, for holding your tongue just now."

"Why did you ask me to?" she said, in a low voice.

"That's what I am going to tell you," he said. "Walk with me a little way, out of sight of the cottage. I don't want to be interrupted. I'm afraid, my girl, I must seem out of my mind to you, and that you can't understand why—why——"

"Why you should screen him? No, I don't understand. He is a bad man, and ought to be punished."

"So he ought," said Heriot. "But you'll have to let him go, Grace. You will, if I ask you, will you not? It's a matter of life or death to me!"

"But why?" she asked.

"It's not for his sake," he said; "but for that of—another person."

"Of Miss Winsdale?" said Grace.

"Yes," he said. "Miss Winsdale is going to marry him."

"I knew that," said Grace, quietly. "I wanted to save her."

"You could not," said Heriot. "She is not the sort of woman to be saved in that way. She has promised to marry Mr. Marshbank, and she will do it. She will forgive him, as other women, most women, forgive. To let her know what he had done wouldn't prevent her marrying him; but it would only make her miserable for the rest of her life. Don't you see? I don't care for Stannard Marshbank, but I do care for her."

Grace stopped short, and her hand went stealthily to her heart.

"You—love her, Lord Fayne?" she said.

"That's it," he said, grimly. "I love her! It's all of no use, of course. I daresay there wouldn't have been any chance for me, even if Stannard Marshbank had not been in question; but I love her, all the same, and I want you to let him go, without another word. I know that it is a great deal to ask, but I've got a feeling, somehow, that you won't refuse me."

"No," she said, with a catch in her voice. "I would do anything you asked me. Anything!"

"Thank you, Grace," he said, with a sigh. "I want you to give me your solemn promise that, whatever happens, you will never tell the truth about Stannard Marshbank."

She looked straight before her.

"I promise," she said, almost inaudibly. "It isn't much to promise, it isn't much to do for you, who saved my life, who've been such a good friend to me. If I had known you didn't want me to go to the house and show him up, I wouldn't have gone. There isn't anything I wouldn't do to please you——" Her voice was caught in a stifled sob, and the tears swam in her eyes.

Heriot, though he did not guess how it was with her—that she loved him, and would have laid down her life for him—was not unmoved.

"Thank you, Grace," he said, huskily. "I wish I could do something for you, and I would if I knew what. But I think there are brighter days in store for you. There's Ralph Forster. He's a good fellow, and he is very fond of you. You must marry him, Grace, and be very happy afterwards, as the story books say."

Grace choked back her sobs. "I shall never marry Ralph Forster," she said, setting her lips tightly. "I shall never marry anyone."

"Don't say that, Grace," said Heriot, with unintentionally cruel persistence. "He is a good fellow, and loves you with all his heart. And you will make him a good wife, Grace. Any man might be proud to marry you."

She turned her face away, her lips quivering.

"I wish he were here now," said Heriot. "I'd try and explain to him why I have asked you to promise to be silent. I'd try and bring you together."

"You never could do that," said Grace, brokenly.

At that moment the sound of a gun echoed across the moor. Grace started, with a faint cry, and caught at Heriot's arm.

"What was that?" she asked, fearfully.

"A gun," said Heriot. "Don't be frightened. It's only Ralph shooting a rabbit. It may be proachers. If it is," he added, "we shall hear another gun, or shouting."

They stood silent, and listened. Unconsciously, Grace kept her hand upon his arm; as unconsciously he laid his hand upon her shoulder, protectingly and soothingly. Her heart beat fast. She lifted her eyes, swimming in tears, to his. He looked down at her, with a sad smile.

"It is nothin, Grace," he said, gently. "Go to your mother now, and when Ralph comes home be kind and patient with him. There are brighter days in store for you, as I said."

"And you," she said.

"I am going away," he replied. "I am going to leave England. I don't suppose I shall ever come back. Don't forget me, Grace."

It was an unlucky speech. It broke down the barrier which her pride had been erecting before her love for him. At his words, spoken with an unconscious pathos, her love swept away her self-restraint. She let her head fall upon his breast, and threw her arms around his neck.

It was only for a moment. She had recovered almost before he understood the significance of her action. She would have torn her arms from his and fled, covered with shame; but he took her arms, and held her, and looked down at her with a strong man's pity and reverence for a woman's weakness, with a strong man's gratitude for the love he could not return.

"Thank you, Grace!" he said. "I know what that just means, that you forgive me for all the trouble I have given you, for making you promise to keep silence. Good bye! Remember me to Johnnie when you see him. Go in now, I will wait here until you are safe inside."

Grace's arms dropped to her side. Her face went white, she looked at him fixedly for a moment with all a woman's love in her eyes, then, without a word, she went past him and entered the cottage.

Heriot sighed. What a game of cross purposes life was; here was he in love with Eva Winsdale, so much in love that he was willing to carry the burden of another man's sin—the man Eva loved. And here was a tender-hearted little woman who loved him, and who would be made miserable because he hadn't any love to give in return!

He walked on towards Newton. When he had gone about a mile he seemed to miss something; it was his violin. He stopped, half-intending to go back for it, but he felt it would be unwise to do so. He shrank from another meeting with Grace. But he was sorry to leave his beloved fiddle, with whose aid he had earned an honest living, and which, somehow or other, was associated in his mind with Eva; but there was no help for it.

He reached Newton in the early morning. A small crowd of men and women was making its way down the street towards the station. They were factory hands, going by the workman's train to the large manufacturing town of Layford. Heriot was just in time. He was quite unnoticed in the throng; the train was just starting from the station, and, though he had taken a third-class ticket, he was obliged to get into a first class compartment.

He was alone in the carriage; there was no lamp, and the dawn was only just breaking; no one came near him; no porter saw him. He got out at Layford with the rest of the crowd, and made his way to a time-table posted on the wall. An express train for London was timed to start in five minutes, It started from another platform; and, although he was hungry and thirsty, there was no time for him to get anything—besides, though he did not know it, the refreshment bar was not open.

He got into a third class compartment, and had it all to himself during the whole of the journey. He turned up the collar of his coat, and, stretching himself full length along the seat, went to sleep, and he did not wake until the train steamed into the terminus. At the refreshment bar he got a cup of coffee and a roll and butter; then he went out into the street, and wondered what in the name of Heaven he should do.

A 'bus stopped at the corner, and, without looking where it was going, he climbed on to the top. The 'bus was a city one. He got down at the Bank, and, in an aimless way, wandered eastward, smoking his pipe and thinking of the events of last night.

Presently he remembered that he wanted to leave England. The docks were somewhere in this neighborhood; he might as well go and make inquiries about a vessel. He asked his way to the docks, and proceeding there, found himself amongst a lot of seafaring men who were standing looking at a barque which was moored close to the quay. It seemed to be his fate to find himself amongst a crowd.

He was watching the scene with listless interest, when a man in a pilot jacket touched him on the shoulder.

"'Ave I got your name?" he asked, in a sharp, business way.

"I don't think you have," said Heriot, with a half smile.

"Then you'd better let me take it down, if you're going to join." He eyed Heriot approvingly, and added added, "I think I can take you on."

"What for?" asked Heriot, grimly amused.

"Why, as an A.B." said the man, impatiently. "What are you playing at?"

"I don't know," said Heriot.

Then the full meaning of the man's question flashed upon him. He must be the first mate of the barque, and was engaging men for the voyage.

"Where is she bound for?" he asked.

"South America," said the mate, curtly.

"I'm not a sailor," began Heriot—then he remembered his many yachting trips, and that his own own skipper had one day remarked that Lord Heriot was as good a man before the mast as could be found.

"That is, I've never taken a long voyage," he said, "but I know my business."

"That's more than half the A.B.'s can say," retorted the mate, bluntly. "What's yer name?"

"Richard Brown," said Heriot, promptly.

The mate grinned.

"Seem to have heard that somewhere," he said. "Never mind! bring yer kit on board in half an hour; we've got orders to start as soon as possible."

"Right!" said Heriot.

It suited him, as he would have said, "down to the ground." If he had gone on board an ocean liner he would have had nothing to do, and plenty of time and opportunity in which to think over all that he lost, and to eat his heart out; as a hand on board a barque, he would have to work hard, and the little leisure that would fall to him he would be obliged to spend in sleep.

He went to one of the outfitters near the docks and bought his kit. He knew exactly what to buy, for he had seen those of his men on board his own yacht. He tried to eat a good breakfast, but it was somewhat of a failure; then he bought some tabacco, and went on board. In half an hour the vessel was the scene of that seemingly wild confusion which is, in reality, order in excitement.

The captain's voice bellowed like a fog trumpet; the mate bustled to and fro; the men, amidst laughter and the sulphuric language which means nothing, got the vessel ready to start. In the hurry and confusion Heriot was scarcely noticed as he fell in with the rest, and hauled away at ropes and chains.

In less than an hour the good barque, Mary Ann, had slowly glided away from the quay on her outward voyage, with Richard Brown, alias Viscount Heriot Fayne, as one of her hands.

Without any intention of doing so, he had left England without leaving the slightest clue behind him. If he had been a criminal flying from justice he could not have succeeded in getting away more cleanly.

Eva slept little that night.

It may be stated without fear of contradiction that only an innocent and pure-minded girl can understand what she felt. If Heriot Fayne had not, by his silence, admitted his guilt, nothing, no evidence, however circumstantial, would have convinced her of it.

She knew that he had been wild and dissipated, but she would have deemed him incapable of the mean and distardly crime which he had admitted. She had loved him with all her heart. It might be said that she loved him still, but her love was held in suspense in her bosom. She did not cry; there is an anguish too acute and too deep to admit of tears, but she lay face downwards on her bed, her hands clasping the coverlid.

She tried to think of Stannard Marshbank, the man she was going to marry. She tried to compare him, to his advantage, with Heriot Fayne. Stannard Marshbank had no stain upon his character, filled an honorable position in the world, was surely worthy of her love, while Heriot Fayne was the outcast of the family, and had been guilty of the sin which probably women rank as the lowest and meanest a man can commit. She knew she ought to love the one and loathe the other. But she knew that she did nothing of the kind. She felt, with remorse, that even while Heriot was being exposed she had felt pity—yes, actually pity!—for him, while she ought to have felt nothing but contempt for him, and pity for his victim.

"There must be something wicked and vicious in my nature," she murmured, in her self-abasement. "Yes, that is it, I ought to hate him; but I cannot, I cannot!"

This was the burden of her thoughts all through the night. When she went down to breakfast the next morning she found her father already at the table. He looked very grave and thoughtful, and patted her hand in an apologetic kind of way, as she went round to kiss him.

"I'm afraid you've had a bad night, my dear," he said. "I don't want to talk of what occurred in the library last night, and, after this, we won't refer to it again. It was terribly painful, and I would give the world if you had not been there. You see, the Earl was quite right in cutting Heriot Fayne adrift. The man is a hopeless, heartless scoundrel."

Eva winced, and set down the cup which she had taken up.

"How well Stannard Marshbank showed up beside him! It is fervently to be hoped that Heriot Fayne will never come between him and the title. Poor girl! I suppose she had followed Fayne down here. It is to be hoped that he will be punished; I shouldn't be surprised to hear that Forster, the gamekeeper, had given him a sound thrashing. It's a bad business, and we won't say any more about it. I think you had better go over to the Court and see Lady Janet," he added; "she will be terribly cut up about the affair, and will be glad to see you."

After breakfast Eva walked over to the Court. She expected to be told that Lady Janet was ill, and could see no one, but she was taken to Lady Janet's room at once.

The poor lady was very pale, and her eyes were dim with weeping. Eva kissed her, but Lady Janet was the first to speak.

"My dear," she said. "I am filled with shame! It is dreadful in every way, but it is more dreadful that you should have been present. If I had not been so overwhelmed I would have taken you out of the room, but I felt unable to move—and it all happened so quickly!"

"Poor Lady Janet!" murmured Eva.

"Yes, my heart feels as if it were breaking," said Lady Janet, quietly. "You see, I love him so—I love him still. I can't help it!"

Eva almost started. It was what she had said to herself all through the night!

"It seems like a hideous dream," went on Lady Janet. "I can scarcely yet believe it. With all his faults, Heriot was never that kind of a man—never deceitful and treacherous, but always tender and gentle with women. I know that it must be true, that he must be guilty, but it is almost impossible to realize it, and even while the girl was speaking he did not look as if he were guilty."

Eva remained silent.

"But, of course, that is only what I feel; the whole scene seems unreal and fantastic. I don't know how he came to be in the library at White Cot. How was it? Do you know, dear?"

Eva remained silent, and Lady Janet went on in a half-apologetic voice, as if she were ashamed of her weakness—

"I—I wonder where he went? I should like to know what has become of him. That man, Ralph Forster, the gamekeeper, threatened him. I have been awake all night, tortured by dreadful imaginings!"

Eva shuddered.

"How is Lord Averleigh?" she asked.

"I don't dare to ask him," said Lady Janet. "He came down to his breakfast, as usual, this morning, and though he looked very ill and worn he said nothing about—about—but talked with Stannard as usual. Poor Stannard seems to feel the thing very acutely; he looked pale and worried. Will you come downstairs and see him? He and Edmund are in the library."

Eva was never very anxious to meet Stannard Marshbank, and this morning would gladly have avoided him, but she went downstairs with Lady Janet.

As they reached the hall the Earl and Stannard came out of the library. They both looked grave and troubled. Stannard took Eva's hand and would have greeted her in his usual way, by kissing her forehead, but Eva drew back slightly. Something in his pale face, an expression in his eyes difficult to define, repelled her.

"It is a fine morning," said the Earl, trying to speak as if nothing had happened. "Have you driven that wicked Prince over, or have you walked my dear?"

"I walked over," said Eva, endeavoring to imitate his courage.

"You must stay to lunch," he said, "and Stannard shall take you back in the afternoon."

"Yes, do," said Stannard in a low voice.

Eva hesitated. She longed to get back to her own room, to be alone, to fight against her wicked, unreasonable love for Heriot Fayne. Before she could speak the hall door opened, and Mr. Benson, the steward, came in.

He entered hurriedly, but pulled up short at the sight of them, and stood looking embarrassed and startled, and wiping the perspiration from his face. They all saw that he was trembling, and a vague fear smote to Lady Janet's and Eva's hearts.

"Good morning, Benson," said the Earl. "Do you wish to see me?" Then he, too, noticed the steward's agitation, and he added, with a quick breath, "Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, my lord!" gasped Benson. "For heaven's sake come into the library with me!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE Earl and Mr. Benson went into the library. The steward was ordinarily a very quiet and self-possessed man, and his agitation and emotion startled Lady Janet and Eva. They looked at each other inquiringly.

"What can be the matter, Stannard?" asked Lady Janet, nervously.

Stannard was standing with his back to the light; he shook his head, and forced a smile.

"I don't know," he said, slowly, very slowly, as if he were weighing the value of each word. "Some accident, I am afraid; some man fallen off a rock, or hurt himself with the plough. Had you not better go into the drawing-room?"

They obeyed, with the prompt obedience women always yield on such occasions. Stannard Marshbank stood by Eva's chair.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, tenderly. "It is sure to be nothing very much——"

The Earl's voice was heard calling him. He stood before him, as if he was nerving himself for some shock.

"I will come back and tell you what is the matter" he said. He went to the library, pausing a moment outside the door to set his face into an expression of calm composure.

The Earl and Mr. Benson were standing with a strained look on their faces.

"Shut the door, Stannard," said the Earl. "Mr. Benson has brought bad, terrible news this morning! Tell him, Benson."

"It's a terrible affair, Mr. Marshbank," said Benson. "A murder has been committed."

"A murder!" echoed Stannard. "Who is it?"

"One of the gamekeepers," said Mr. Benson. "Ralph Forster. He was found lying at the bottom of the quarry. Giles' boy, William, was playing truant from school, and came across him lying dead beside one of the pools."

Stannard uttered an exclamation of horror, and sank into a chair, with his back against the light.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Is he quite dead?"

"Oh, quite dead!" said Benson. "Dr. Watson says that he's been dead for hours. We have taken him to the mortuary. Dr. Watson is there now, and a policeman——"

"How—how did it happen?" asked Stannard, in a grave voice. "Did he fall over?"

"It would appear so," said Benson. "He was lying just under the steep edge, and there are marks of a struggle up above. It looks as if he had been thrust over. There has been no time for a close examination. I just looked at the place hastily, as I came on here."

"Poor fellow!" said Stannard. "There is a terrible fall there. I suppose his neck is broken?"

"No," said Benson. "Dr. Watson says that he thinks it was not the fall that killed him, but the shot."

"The shot?" said Stannard.

"Yes; the murderer was not satisfied with throwing him over, but must have gone down and shot him to make sure of the job. The poor fellow's face and head ——" He stopped, and shuddered.

The Earl sighed, sorrowfully. "It is terrible," he said. "Such a thing has never happened in the place before. We saw the poor fellow only last night."

Benson looked at him quickly.

"What time was that, my lord?"

Stannard rose before the Earl could reply.

"Had we not better go down and see Dr. Watson?" he said.

"You are right, Stannard," said the Earl, with a nod of approval. "We will go at once." He hesitated at the door. "The ladies——"

"I will go and tell them," said Stannard.

He went into the drawing-room, taking up his coat and hat as he passed. He was very pale and grave, as befitted the occasion.

"I have come to tell you," he said, looking from Lady Janet to Eva, and holding the door closed. "Something very dreadful has happened. One of the gamekeepers, Ralph Forster, has met with an accident. No; I had better tell you the truth, as you must hear it, sooner or later. He has been murdered!"

Both of them uttered a cry of pity and horror. Before the eyes of both of them passed the scene of the preceding night, when the dead man had stood before them, the embodiment of manly strength and vitality. They could neither of them speak.

"We are going down to the village at once," said Stannard. "I will tell you the particulars when I come back. Meanwhile, I do not think I would talk about it; but, of course, you would not."

The three man went down to the mortuary, a small brick building in the corner of the churchyard. It had not been used for years. A crowd had collected round the open door. Every man, woman, and child seemed to be there. Those of the miners who had not left the place were present. A subdued murmur rose from the throng. As the three men approached, every eye was turned upon them, and a lane made for them to pass through.

The Earl was the first to enter the mortuary. Dr. Watson, the parish doctor, a policeman, and one or two of the leading men in the village, were standing by the body. They had all removed their hats, and greeted the Earl solemnly and respectfully.

"Is he—quite dead, Watson?" asked the earl, as he looked down upon the still face, every line of which was smooth, as if a kindly hand had passed over it, and pressed the deep furrows into placidity.

"Oh, quite, my lord," said Dr. Watson. "He had been dead for hours when the boy fetched me this morning."

"Is it——" began the Earl, then stopped.

Dr. Watson knew what he would have asked, and looked down with professional caution before replying.

"The man has been murdered, my lord," he said, in a low voice. "There can be no doubt of it." He pointed to a gun-shot wound and to the bruises on the neck and hand.

"Who could have done it?" asked the Earl, passing his hand over his brow.

"It must have been poachers, my lord," said the policeman, in a low voice of suppressed excitement. He was a type of the ordinary village constable, and was beginning to feel his responsibility very heavily. "There's been some bad times with them lately, my lord, and they bore a kind of spite against Forster because he's been more active than the other gamekeepers. There's a good many of them that owes a grudge against him for stopping their little game. I did hear that a party of them was out in the West Spinney last night."

The Earl sighed. "I would rather that every pheasant in the place had been stolen than that this should have happened," he said, in a tremulous voice.

Stannard spoke for the first time. He had been standing immediately behind the Earl. When he had entered he had given one swift glance at the white, disfigured face lying on the deal board—a glance that had lasted for a second only, and then had looked straight before him, with set lips and fixed eyes.

"Has anything been done to track the murderers?" he asked.

The policeman touched his forehead. "I've sent on horseback for Inspector Jones, from Newton, sir," he said. "He'll be here almost directly, and will take charge of the case. I daresay he'll send up to London for a detective."

"Have any clues been discovered?" asked Stannard. "No time should be lost," he added, sternly.

"I've put some men to keep people off the quarry, sir," said the policeman, "and another man up on the edge where he fell over, to see that no one goes there."

"That is right," said Stannard. "Take every precaution; let no time be lost."

The Earl looked round the damp, mouldy place, and shuddered.

"Cannot the poor fellow be removed to some more comfortable place, Watson?" he asked. The word "comfortable" sounded grotesque, but they all understood.

"Yes," said Dr. Watson. "I had him brought here because it was the nearest place. They might take him home now."

Mr. and Mrs. Warner had been standing near the door. They both looked half paralyzed with fear and sorrow, and as if they did not yet realize what had happened. Warner came forward, trembling.

"Yes, my lord," he said; "we will take him home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE body snatcher usually works on the dead quiet.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN CHINA.—In China large pieces of silk, often with sacred sentences written on them, are offered to the gods. It is estimated that in the temples of Confucius alone about thirty thousand yards of silk are burnt in this way.

THE supply of India-rubber is said to be inexhaustible. Each tree can be tapped for twenty successive years, and yields on an average three tablespoonfuls a day; 43,000 of these trees have been counted on a tract of land thirty miles long by eight wide.

OF MANY SHAPES.—Italian bank notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills—five and ten-lire notes—are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely-engraved vignette of King Humbert.

BANKRUPT.—This word is derived from two Italian ones, banco rotto, broken bench; because bankers and merchants used formerly to count their money and write bills of exchange on benches in the street, and, when a banker or merchant lost his credit and was unable to pay his debts, his bench was broken.

GAME.—The Yorkshire gamekeepers have an ingenious way of protecting their hares from poachers. They net the hares at the various gates and stiles through which they pass, and then let them go again. The result is the hares are so frightened that they will never go through a gate again, and when the poacher sets his net there for them he is surprised to see them jump over the fence.

KNIVES.—The most wonderful specimen of the cutler's craft in the world is the knife to be seen in the show rooms of a celebrated Sheffield cutlery firm. This extraordinary knife is provided with one blade for every year since the commencement of the Christian era; the number of blades, of course, now being 1895. Blades are inserted five at a time at the lapse of every five years.

THE MIRROR.—The mirror ranks far higher in Japan than our notions of a looking-glass would allow us to imagine, and takes the place of the cross in Catholic countries. The "two great divine palaces" at Ise, containing the yata no kagami, the first made mirror, have, in the eyes of the Japanese, the same importance as has the Holy Sepulchre for the Greeks and Armenians, and Mecca for the Mohammedans.

BABY'S FIRST VISIT.—Folk lore has handed down some curious manners and customs of our ancestors. The following, relating to that exacting personage, the baby, may not prove uninteresting:—On a nurse taking out a baby for the first time to show it to different friends, the one upon whom the first call is made should give it a little flour and a little salt, each wrapped in paper; an egg, and a sixpence, or any other coin, so that the child, in its future career, may never want money, or food, or its necessary seasoning.

HOW FAST THE EARTH MOVES.—Most persons are aware that the earth makes a complete revolution on its axis once in twenty-four hours, but probably many are ignorant as to the high rate of speed in accomplishing the feat. The highest velocity ever attained by a cannon-ball has been estimated something like 1,600 feet per second; and the earth must turn almost equally fast. In short, the rate of speed at the equator has been estimated at nearly 1,500 feet per second, or a mile every 3 6 seconds, or 17 miles a minute.

VERY BIG.—In the sands of Central Asia is found a huge spider, popularly known as "Grandfather Greybeard," which has long hair, and when walking seems as large as one's two fists. This formidable creature bites when irritated, its jaws making four little holes in the flesh. The bite is poisonous, though not deadly. The victim feels at first no more discomfort than from the sting of a gnat; but after a time the pain spreads over the whole body, and is accompanied with fever and great exhaustion.

STRAW PLAITING.—The straw manufacture owes its introduction into England to Mary Queen of Scots, who, on quitting France, was so struck with the making of straw plait by the women and children of Lorraine that she persuaded a number of these folks to come over to England with her, in the hope that the peasantry might be able to learn the art. From their arrival in 1561 the plaiters had but sorry times, until James I. took the colony under his protection, and established them in the Luton district, where thousands are now engaged in this great industry.

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY E. J. C.

Speak gently, and be kind to all—
Harsh words will gain no love;
But gentle accents freely given
Will win a home above.

Speak gently, mother, to your child,
Pain not his tender heart;
And, in his childish grief of joy
Take but a loving part.

Speak gently, husband, unto her
Whom you have vow'd to love;
Remember all our deeds on earth
Are register'd above.

Speak gently to the erring ones;
Kind words may win them back
From evil thoughts and evil ways
To Virtue's own bright track.

Speak gently, kindly, then to all,
For life to us is given,
By kindly deeds and gentle words,
To be foretaste to Heaven.

LOVE THE VICTOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

MRS. MAURICE would have kept her always, but this Agnes Lyne would not hear of.

"Mrs. Denys has been so kind as to wait for me all this time, so I must not disappoint her," she said, when pressed on the point. "Besides, I must work; I cannot live else."

A private interview with the kind doctor who had been twice her perserver, and who had learned, to Agnes' inexpressible regret, to love her, hastened her departure. The grateful affection due to so great a benefactor, the calm love of a sister—this Agnes could and did give.

Her reverence and esteem for him were unbounded, for she knew she owed him a debt which a life's devotion could not repay. But all these considerations were but so many reasons why she should refuse to become his wife. She would not give him less than her whole heart's love, and, in spite of the pain her refusal cost both herself and him, she steadily persevered in it.

He had seen her into the train, careful and tenderly considerate to the last. The uncontrollable tremor in his deep voice, as with a parting smile he pressed her hand, had haunted her through the greater part of the journey. Many bitter tears had fallen behind the shelter of her thick black veil. For the first time, the girl fully realized her loneliness. Yes—she was alone in the world now. Henceforth there was no one to suffer if she suffered, or to rejoice if she rejoiced.

Gradually as the day wore on, and the view from the carriage window became more novel and interesting, different thoughts took possession of the girl's mind. She was still weak, and her mind was too weary for any long-sustained effort.

A dreamy languor stole over her. Ever sensitive to outer influences, with a yearning passionate worship of the beautiful, one whose life had been lately spent in unlovely places, in the midst of the battle and bustle of humanity—felt her heart swell within her as she gazed upon the swift moving panorama of mountain, forest, and gleaming lake.

Agnes had almost been taken past the Eldermine station—never imagining the porter's cry of "Hammon!" referred to it—when fortunately the name painted on a board caught her attention. She had barely time to alight on the narrow gravelled platform, where her two unpretending boxes had already been thrown, before the express train was off again.

The girl looked round dizzily, and her limbs were trembling after the cramped position they had endured so long. She was not at first aware that a small boy in "buttons" was endeavoring to attract her attention by repeated touchings of his cap; but, by the time her brain had cleared a little, the station master had advanced with her luggage.

"For Weirdwood, miss?" he inquired.

"Yes, miss; ticket, please."

Then she was escorted between that portly official and Buttons, each laden with a box, through the little station into the road, where a high dog-cart stood waiting between the rows of black looking fir-trees that tossed their fringes in the fresh mountain wind.

At first the way led through the scattered village, the occupants of shop and cottage hurrying to their doors at the sound of the horse's hoofs clattering over the cobbles. Even at the windows of more pretentious houses various heads appeared above the flower-pots, and evidently the advent of the Grange dog-cart was an event at Eldermine.

Slowly ascending the precipitous street, they passed the old Norman church, built, like the houses, of rough stone, its graveyard elevated considerably above the road, with long tangled wreaths of bramble and birch hanging over the bank. The old clergyman, who was opening the low gate, raised his hat to the lady in the dog-cart whose face looked so pale in its surrounding of black gauze. Then came one or two villas, standing back in gardens, each protected by walls of loose stones, every crevice crowded with tiny mosses and long ferns.

Soon the majority of human inhabitants were left behind, and, still making the best of their way up the rough mountain road, they entered a still wilder region. Precipitous heights and rocky valleys lay on every side, while hills dotted the horizon, some clothed with sombre firs, others more softly tinted by surrounding woods.

Here a bare slaty summit cut the cloudy sky; here, far away, a lone tarn or lake glimmered like an unset moonstone. A constant sound of torrents and waterfalls mingled with the soughing of the wind as it swirled the dead leaves in pale eddies round its path. Wild clouds, edged with fire—for the sun was setting—scudded across the sky, casting a vivid glare over the whole scene.

How strange it all was to a town bred girl! Agnes almost believed it was a dream, and that she should wake presently in Dr. Maurice's comfortable house at Warring. She felt as if everything were unreal. To shake off the strange sensation she spoke to the coachman, a lean solemn looking individual, whose compressed lips were indicative of his morose disposition.

"How much farther have we to drive?" she inquired.

"A'most there, now," was the curt answer.

"It is very lovely and wild here."

"Ay," was the response, in a gruff monotone.

"There's some houses on the other side," ventured "Buttons" from the back seat—"about three quarters of a mile away. But it's lonesome for all that."

Agnes felt the solitude affect her spirits as the dog-cart began to descend a steep road winding amongst lofty firs, where the combined roar of wind and water made most melancholy music.

They turned a corner, where the valley opened to the north; and almost at its entrance stood an ancient stone gateway with turrets and rusty portcullis. One side answered the purpose of a lodge, from which a withered old woman with a smiling buxom grand daughter peeping behind her, came to open the gate.

Agnes returned the younger woman's smile with a curious sensation of relief. There was something young and bright in these wild regions, after all.

They entered a level avenue, walled on one side by a rocky precipitous mountain, its grayness relieved by many colored heaths and ferns, bordered on the other by an expanse of tall uncut grass and a rising wood of dark pines and twisted firs of dismal aspect, and the Grange stood revealed.

It was built on high, heavy stone foundations, broader towards the base, as if meant to resist the onslought of wind and wave. A dark dank sheet of water flowed washing the stonework on all sides but one, where a wide terrace led into the garden. An arched tunnel let the water flow beneath the building, and a quaint stone bridge crossed a moat which led to the principal entrance.

Agnes Lyne gazed wonderingly at the place, which was half house, half castle, being more like some old Norman chateau than anything.

Its grim bare walls were flanked by a couple of turrets with sugar loaf roofs and lancet windows, while enormous casements, strongly enough set to have resisted a siege, and diamond-paned, overhung the water and flashed dull red in the sunset, the water reflecting the whole line for line and tint for tint.

Agnes almost held her breath in awed wonder. Was it real? Or was it some enchanted castle set in "fairy lands forlorn," that would presently vanish into thin air?

When "Buttons," producing a horn, drew a long wailing blast, she started and almost screamed, at which the driver's set lips relaxed contemptuously, and Buttons grinned with delight.

"Lor, miss, I should have warned you!" the latter declared apologetically, though he had been secretly calculating on the effect of his blast, with the natural mischief of this kind. "It's the old custom, miss, and the echo beats all! Listen, miss!"—and, putting the horn to his lips again, he blew with unction.

The blast was followed by a series of distinct and melancholy wails—"the horns of Elf-land faintly blowing"—from every side, which died away to a mere sigh in infinitely soft gradations. They had a singularly weird effect, and Agnes shivered in spite of herself.

"Buttons" assisted Agnes to alight, when she discovered that the bridge formed a covered passage to the entrance hall. She half expected to see the door opened by a red dwarf, or a bent old dame, with steeple hat, short skirts, and ebony cane. While smiling at the absurd fancy a very commonplace footman in claret and brown livery performed the office. She followed him through the passage, shudderingly conscious that the dark moat flowed beneath. The man threw back another heavy oaken door, and passing through, Agnes Lyne stepped upon the threshold of her new home pale and trembling.

CHAPTER VI.

AGNES found herself in a square lofty hall paved with smooth gray stone, with doors on either side. There was a double staircase at the end leading to a corridor, a broad gallery with richly-carved wooden balusters entirely encircling the hall, over which a cupola of tinted glass admitted a faint light, the darkness being relieved only by a glimmer of red ashes in the vast fireplace, whose high mantel was supported by broken figures.

A savage looking wolf hound showed his fangs at the sight of a stranger, but the footman checked his angry growl with a word, adding—

"You'd better speak to him, miss. Call him 'Glim'—that's his name—else he'll fly at you, maybe, the very next time he meets you."

"I'm not afraid of dogs," remarked Agnes. "Glim, good dog—poor old fellow! Don't you know I'm your friend?"

Thus adjured, Glim wagged his tail amicably; and the man declared him "safe enough now."

"He'd know you among a thousand, miss, now." Then, throwing open a door on the left-hand side, he ushered Agnes into a room to wait for her future employer.

The girl sat down wearily, and felt so depressed that she could scarcely keep the tears from her eyes. It was all so strange, so dreary, and she felt both tired and ill. A small fire burned on the hearth and she cowered over it shivering, not venturing to survey the sombre furniture and hangings, or to glance through the window at which the wind was beating with piteous wails.

She would not have owned it to herself, but she was positively afraid of the gloom, like a timid child left alone. The atmosphere and aspect of the house were uncanny. She thought of the moat flowing immediately beneath her feet, and shuddered. But just then the door was thrown open, and a little plump lady came forward. Agnes rose, trembling and shrinking.

"Miss Lyne"—the voice was resonant but low-toned—"I am glad to see you at last. What do you think of Weirdwood?"

Agnes scarcely knew how to answer the question put thus abruptly.

"It is a very fine place," she replied hesitatingly.

Mrs. Denys broke into a silvery peal of laughter.

"But very different from anything you have ever seen before? Ah, you will get used to it, as I have done? Now, come with me and have some tea."

Agnes would have liked to ask if she might go at once to her room. She longed to lie down, and had that feeling of untidiness so common after undergoing a long railway journey, besides which she was really faint.

She however followed Mrs. Denys across the hall into what seemed to her dazed eyes a vast magnificent apartment, brilliant with the rich dancing light of two immense fires, round one of which a group of people were clustered.

Agnes thought there were a score of people at least, but in reality there were but half a dozen ladies and one brown coated man gathered before the cheerful blaze, drinking tea, with much noise and unrestrained laughter.

She had a vague impression of the rustling of dresses, with the eyes of the wearers fixed curiously on herself; of low satin covered chairs; of the glitter of glass and gold, and that Mrs. Denys introduced her as "Miss Lyne, my new companion."

Then all seemed to grow dim. With a violent effort Agnes controlled her feeling of faintness sufficiently to drink the tea brought to her, knowing that it was her one hope of restoration; and the first draught revived her, and the faces round the fire seemed to grow distinct again. But Agnes was very glad when Mrs. Denys, turning abruptly towards her, said—

"Now, I suppose, you would like to go up stairs, Miss Lyne? My maid shall show you to your room, and, if you prefer to dine there to night you may do so. I shall want you to be strong and well in the morning you know."

"Your boxes are here, Miss," said the maid, as they entered the room intended for Agnes. "Shall I unpack them for you? Or shall I bring you something to eat first?"

"I will have dinner, please—I have had nothing all day," replied Agnes tearfully.

"Which you shall, miss, for you look like a corpse. I think you'll find everything here, miss, there's hot water in this can."

"Thank you," said Miss Lyne, thankful to be left alone.

Throwing off her bonnet and heavy jacket she sank down upon the holland-covered couch by the fire, and closed her eyes in utter weariness. Too wearied for thought, too tired to analyze any of her varied sensations, she lay back on the cushions, feeling the rest most grateful and the warmth most soothing. She was fast asleep when Minniton came back with a salver on which were eatables and a glass of wine.

The maid put the tray softly down, and came over to look curiously at Agnes. As she had no rings, ribbons, or lace of any sort, Minniton surveyed her somewhat dubiously.

"A lady," she decided finally, "and rather peculiar looking, but noways pretty. She looks as if she'd known trouble—poor thing! I wonder if she'll put up with missis' ways. It ain't every one as—Lor, miss, you've woke! I was just going to wake you, for your dinner is waiting. It'll do you a power of good, and missis' orders were that you are to drink the wine—It would be the right medicine for you, she says."

Agnes smiled faintly as she rose with some difficulty.

"I have been very ill, and am weak yet," she explained, her sweet voice a little tremulous.

"Which half an eye can see, miss. But now you eat this bit of partridge, and you will feel quite different. If you will touch this bell when you have finished I will come and take the tray."

Agnes certainly felt better after she had eaten and drunk. The wine warmed her chill blood and quickened the over-slow throbs of her heart. She took courage presently to look around her. Hers was a fair-sized room, with lofty painted ceiling and one large window shrouded in heavy curtains. There were three chairs, one of which was a large easy one, the latter covered with holland like the couch. A high chest of drawers with antique brass rings for handles, a table with writing-desk, a few empty hanging shelves, an ancient mahogany and brass cabinet, and a modern iron bedstead, together with a small wardrobe, constituted the furniture of the apartment, while on the toilet table stood a couple of bronze candelabra, perfect treasures of mediæval art. It was a comfortable and pretty room, in spite of its curious mingling of the ancient and modern.

"It is like a palace," she thought. "How different from anything I had imagined! Mrs. Denys seemed kind too, but I wish there were not so many people here. Oh, Minnie, my darling, I am so lonely! I want you—I want you!"

The maid's knock at the door roused her from her reverie, and Agnes was her calm quiet self again as Minniton saw to the fire, turned down the bed clothes, and politely asked if Miss Lyne would like some tea.

"Nothing more, thank you," was the reply. "I shall go to bed. At what time does Mrs. Denys rise?"

"Not till eleven or so, Miss. Missis takes breakfast in bed. Shall I bring you yours?"

Agnes hesitated, for she did not like to

say "Yes." But how could she face all those strangers alone?

"There are plenty of visitors here now," remarked the maid, watching her—"and p'r'aps you'd rather wait for missis? I'll bring your breakfast into the library, miss. You'll be quite alone there; it's the first door on the left in the hall."

"Thank you," responded Agnes gratefully; "and you will call me?"

In her loneliness the pink ribboned Minniton seemed a friend in need.

"Good night, miss. I hope you will sleep well!" and Minniton retired, full of benevolent interest in the "lone young creature."

Agnes slept soundly until Minniton's energetic knock woke her in the morning.

It was a very pale sad face that returned Agnes Lyne's gaze from the depths of the swing-glass on the toilet table as she sat before it brushing and plaiting her long fair hair. Her eyes seemed weirdly large, the lines of her mouth ware drawn, and the once coral tint of her soft lips had faded into a paler hue. Agnes turned away with a sigh.

"I look like a scare-crow!" she thought. "But still I shall live. Death only comes to the happy."

Presently she remembered she had not drawn back her window curtains, having endured with a vague sense of misery the semi-darkness of the room. A flood of bright autumnal sunshine streamed upon her as she pushed aside the dark draperies. Opening a casement she knelt on the low wide sill and leaned out, forgetting everything in the glory of the panorama revealed. Some of the weight was lifted from Agnes' heart as she viewed the charming sunlit morning scene.

The clock striking nine roused her from her meditations. Cautiously opening her door she peeped out, but all was quiet. Gathering courage she proceeded down the corridor, where boots and shoes and cans of hot water betrayed the fact that the occupants of the rooms were yet within.

Remembering Minniton's description, Agnes made for the first door on the left. This led her by a descent of three shallow steps into the library—a small room, one end of which was lighted by narrow lancet windows deeply set in the stone. There was a bright fire in the grate, before which a soft black rug was spread. One or two busts of celebrated men stood about on pedestals of black marble, while the table, covered with a snowy cloth, glittered with its breakfast array of silver and blue china.

To the simple mind of Agnes Lyne, with its memories of Frances Street, everything seemed palatial in its splendor. It could hardly be that this sumptuous table was spread for her.

But a footman entering at that moment, with two covers on a tray, and coffee, whose grateful odor filled the apartment, dispelled the doubt by placing a chair for her, and asking if she had all she wished.

"Minniton told me to say, miss," he added, "that if you pleased to go into the garden after breakfast she would let you know when missis is ready for you; and missis will see you in her own room."

Agnes made so good a breakfast as to surprise herself. The coffee, eggs, and bread were so delicious that they tempted her to do them justice. She felt brighter, stronger, less nervous, and the thought of meeting strangers did not seem so dreadful.

She went into the garden presently with almost wondering awe and delight. Like a child she revelled in the sweet air, touching the flowers with gentle curious fingers, taking them in both hands to inhale their perfumes.

She smoothed the moss on the rocks, laying her cheek to it for a minute to feel how soft and cool it was, finally seating herself on one of the uneven stone seats on either side, the stone walls of the Grange showing between the trees, clear and distinct in the morning light. Agnes sat motionless, happier than she ever imagined it possible for her to be again, soothed by the harmonious influences of nature into sweet reverie.

It was thus she was discovered by Minniton an hour later. The maid in her jaunty cap and rose-colored ribbons, fairly started at the difference in Miss Lyne's appearance after her night's rest. Agnes had put on a new morning dress of black sateen which Mrs. Maurice had given to her, and, being made to fit her wasted figure, it did not hang upon her as the shabby traveling dress had done. A narrow edge of white lace at throat and wrists relieved its dullness.

Her beautiful hair was arranged in thick shining plaits at the back of her head. She was still pale, but not with the sickly pallor of the previous night, while there was a light in her large dark eyes and a faint smile on her softly-closed lips.

"Missis is ready for you, miss," Minniton said.

Agnes started up, flushing. The had nothing but the vaguest impression of Mrs. Denys' appearance, and dreaded that that lady's verdict might be an infavorable one. Her heart beat fast when at length she found herself face to face with her new employer.

The latter sat in a low luxurious chair by a roaring fire, her feet buried in a long-haired white rug, with a cup of chocolate on the table by her side. The room was full of downy couches and ottomans, and the toilet table strewed with ornaments, scent bottles and articles de toilette. It was hung with rose-colored silk, and mirrors of various sizes glittered on the walls, together with one or two painted porcelain plaques, while dresses and dainty shoes were lying about on the floor and couch.

Mrs. Denys nodded and smiled good morning, motioning Agnes to a seat opposite to her own, where she favored her with a searching scrutiny under which Agnes flushed.

"Shy, I see!" observed Mrs. Denys aloud, not withdrawing her gaze. "Ah, well, we shall soon alter that! When you learn what those eyes of yours are worth you will not be so anxious to hide them. There! I wanted to see you smile! Yes, you have a pretty smile, and your hair is lovely—white hands too. Good! I could not have endured any one with red hands in my sight for a day. You are very poor, are you not?"

"Yes," faltered Agnes, pale now as she had been red previously.

"And quite alone in the world?"

"Yes," responded the girl.

"So I imagined, therefore you belong to me entirely. Now don't cry! I assure you I am awfully sorry for you, and all that; but I cannot endure to see tears—my nerves won't bear it. I have taken a fancy to you, and I must see you look bright and happy. I am not going to overwork you. What I chiefly want is some one young and pretty about the house, who will talk to me when I want to talk, read to me when I want to be read to, and help me with my visitors. You must see after flowers for the rooms, and when we have not plenty here you must order them. I have no taste in such things, but I can appreciate a good effect. You will have plenty of liberty, and I wish you to consider this your home."

"Your are very kind!" murmured Agnes.

"I hope you will always think so, my dear"—putting down her cup with a shrug, then yawning unreservedly—"but now, as I want you to be about with me—excuse my frankness—I must have you properly dressed. Hush, you tiresome creature. I see in those great eyes of yours what you want to say; but, since it is my wish, not yours, of course I provide the dresses. You will find some in your room now. Any slight alteration that may be required Minniton can make; she is a capital dressmaker."

"But," began Agnes.

"'But me no buts'? I know you were in mourning—the dresses are mostly black and gray, with one or two white ones for evenings; they will do for the present."

"I do not like," recommenced Agnes; but Mrs. Denys stopped her with a slight frown.

"I like to be obeyed," she observed. "I must have my own way. Your part, if you are willing to stay with me, is simply to fulfil my wishes. You may go now, Miss Lyne. Luncheon will be ready at one o'clock. That dress you have now will do until dinner. You will see most of the people then. The gentlemen are out shooting, and some of the ladies prefer to have a picnic luncheon with them. We shall have only two or three. I dine in the afternoon, when you can go out about the house and grounds, and make acquaintance with them. Ta-ta!"

Agnes breathed more freely when she left the voluble Mrs. Denys.

"She is very kind, and handsome too," she thought. "I wonder if I shall like her. I am not sure that I shall."

CHAPTER VIII.

"I KNOW I am pretty, if not handsome," exclaimed Magdalen Ormond, regarding her reflection in the full-length glass before which she stood arrayed for a dinner-party; "and still the man will not have me! I cannot understand!"

"You must give him time, my dear," observed another lady, apparently too young to justify the relationship between them, which was in reality that of mother and daughter; "Rome was not built in a day."

"No—but it was commenced in a day, and I cannot even make a beginning!"

"'Where there's a will, there's a way,' Maggie!"

"Really, mother, your proverbs would provoke a saint! Besides, they're horribly false. I have will enough; but, for all that, there's no way. I wonder"—hesitatingly—"whether it is because he is in love with some one else? Am I too late in the day?"

"Nonsense! Does Stephen Fiackton look or act like a man consumed by a secret passion? He is one of those hard-headed, practical men who never fall in love like other mortals. He is devoted, heart and soul, to his business. The race for wealth leaves him neither breath nor leisure for lighter pursuits. Yet, for all that, he is sure to marry; and, as he is equally sure to want a good looking, well-dressed, accomplished wife, and as you don't care for violent love demonstrations, I think you would suit him very well, Magdalen!"

Magdalen looked at the reflection of her stately white robed figure, then at the brilliant face above it, and broke into a mirthless laugh.

"You understand my requirements perfectly, mother!" she replied. "In any case I shall have to do without love-demonstrations, as you call them, if I want Stephen Fiackton to take me for better or worse! But"—her voice changing to wistfulness—"surely he will admire me tonight?"

Lady Ormond turned and looked at her daughter scrutinizingly.

"You are a handsome creature, Maggie, though your mother says it. That dress suits you to perfection, and the damask roses are becoming. Manniton ought to pin that bunch a little higher on the left shoulder. Where is she?"

"Gone to fetch my cloak. Mother, you look very nice!"

Lady Ormond smiled, perhaps at the unconsciously patronizing tone.

"We are both in our war-paint and feathers!" she observed.

"Yes, but we wear them with a difference. You have won all your scalps, but I have to secure mine!"

Her ladyship smiled again. Magdalen could not understand it, yet she was disagreeably impressed. Her mother could not surely be intending to enter the lists with her.

"Mother! You don't want Stephen for yourself?" she gasped.

Lady Ormond laughed this time, and her cheeks flushed like a girl's.

"My poor Maggie! My silly little girl! I believe you really love the man in spite of all you say. My dear, Mr. Fiackton would not marry me if I were the only woman in the world. What a pity his godfather's will has involved the alteration of his name! It is a change for the worse, as Conway-Fiackton would not have been half so bad. But I suppose the love of money conquered. Well, men are all alike for that."

Magdalen did not notice her mother's anxiety to change the subject, but seemed reassured by the latter's evident earnestness.

"Come—here is your cloak at last!" remarked her ladyship. "Do not forget your bouquet!"

* * * * * * *

No fairer face than that of Magdalen Ormond had ever been seen within the somewhat dull precincts of Conway House, in the opinion of its mistress, as, seated opposite to her handsome son, she surveyed her assembled guests.

Magdalen sat at Stephen's right hand, her brilliant brunette beauty contrasting admirably with his fairness, while both were tall and stately. Magdalen wore a white flowered silk dress, cut to show as much as possible of a round snowy neck, clasped by a necklace of brilliants.

Mr. Fiackton appeared amused, even a trifle interested. He certainly neglected the worthy dowager on his left hand to whom his chief attention was due, very much in the same way that Miss Ormond ignored her rightful cavalier, but Magdalen saw, with all a woman's unerring instinct, that his heart was untouched.

Lady Ormond was well pleased to see her daughter's absorption, she herself being very much engrossed by the gentleman who had, with some manœuvring on his part been assigned to her. This was a pale youth, named Plantagenet Stonewarren. He was considerably younger than herself, and looked more juvenile even than he was by reason of his smooth beardless face and the extreme slimness of his overgrown figure. Just as noticeable as Mr. Fiackton's indifference was this youth's infatuated devotion to the pretty widow.

"Magdalen Ormond means to secure Fiackton," said one of the guests to Mrs. Macfarren.

"Well, since her mother intends to have Mr. Stonewarren, it is the best thing the girl can do. She would be terribly in the way."

"You don't mean to say Lady Ormond would marry that stick?"

"Nous verrons!"—with a careless laugh. "It does not look unlike it," admitted Mr. Grey, who was none other than the friend who had shown Mr. Stephen Conway the "lions" of Warning—"but she must be mad to take up with such a young poplar-tree."

"He's rich," remarked the lady laconically.

"Ah, that explains all! Rich and foolish! Just the right kind of fly. Sly fellow, Fiackton! Been my intimate friend for years, and never told me he had a love affair on hand. Perhaps he was afraid I should cut him out."

"Oh, you would not have a chance!" exclaimed the lady, with charming candor. "Mr. Fiackton is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and so cool and careless; that makes him all the more dangerous."

"That may be so; but I do not think Miss Ormond is quite Stephen's style."

"Indeed! Do you happen to know what that is?"

Mr. Grey's thoughts reverted quickly to a certain old starry winter evening in his native town when his friend had kept him waiting in the Minster porch in a horrible draught, and to the expression of that friend's face when a slight shabbily-dressed girl, with a fair hair and big dark eyes, had passed them with one startled glance.

"I may be wrong, but I have always thought he affected fair women."

Mrs. Macfarren, who had once been an admired blonde and still thought herself a beauty, beamed approval.

"Well, I think nothing equals a thorough blonde! No other style is so aristocratic, so—so—— Ah, Mrs. Conway gives the signal. Au revoir, mon cher!'—and, kissing the tip of her plumed fan, the speaker followed her hostess from the room.

"I say, Fiackton, you are going in for it strong!" remarked Lionel Grey confidentially to his friend, while the rest of the gentlemen were engaged in a political argument. "You have kept it pretty dark as far as yours truly is concerned."

"What do you mean, Lionel?"

"'Bless your innocent heart,' as my old nurse used to say to me; why, the fair Ormond—eh?"

Stephen laughed slightly, but a faint flush tinted his fair skin.

"Must nobody be allowed a mild flirtation but yourself?" he demanded.

"You have no flirtation in you, Steve. You know no more how to flirt than a hen knows how to swim. It's 'all in all, or not at all,' with you."

"What should you say if it were 'all in all,' then?"

Lionel Grey looked dubiously at his friend's handsome satirical face.

"And you have forgotten the girl in the Minster porch, whose eyes haunted you so persistently?" he asked.

A shadow swept over Stephen Fiackton's face for an instant. Then he laughed constrainedly—or so Mr. Gray thought.

"I think I must have been hovering on the verge of a dangerous illness at the time," he replied, "and been liable to take fancies; but I am my own self now."

"And your sober self approves of Miss Ormond?"

"Don't you think I might do worse, Grey? Would you not be ready to envy me?"

"Well, she is one of the finest women I ever saw, certainly, and beats the other all to atoms."

"What other? Oh, nonsense! Come, Lionel, let us join the ladies, these fellows can follow, when they've settled the Premier."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE first idea of a builder is utility, after that comes endurance, and, so long as these are continued to be sought, the simple forms are in good taste. Directly these are departed from, we are subjected to fancy uncontrolled by knowledge, and often with a ludicrous result.

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence—an exceptional privilege granted only to invariable virtue.

UNDER THE STARS.

BY S. W.

Fair stars, that through the changeful hours
Unchanged to us return,
In skies the moon's inconstant light
Leaves shadowed by the veil of night
Your watchful beacons burn.

The sunless hours go slowly past,
But, fadeless till the morn,
Your lustre yet more brightly gleams
In that weird time which darkest seems
Before the coming dawn.

Love with the soft and tender eyes,
Wilt thou as faithful be?
Life has dull paths which I would make
Bloom like the rose, for thy dear sake,
If thou wouldst trust to me.

Light dies not with the setting sun,
Nor shall our Youth's bright day
Change to a starless night, if thou
Know'st how to keep a plighted vow,
And Love's sweet laws obey.

A Runaway Holiday.

BY M. W. C.

AS Persis had become the wife of the Reverend Vyan Ide when she was seventeen, by the time that she reached her twenty-eighth birthday her experience of the matrimonial state had been long and exhaustive. The pair had no children, had never had any, and, strange to say, did not desire that, for them, unattainable joy, being very good comrades to each other, and on terms of confidential friendship at which few husbands and wives, who are also parents, ever arrive.

Notwithstanding which happy state of affairs both Persis and Vyan had tempers of their own, and very angry tempers too, at times. She loved him dearly. But when he spoke bitterly to her about household failures which her literary occupations had rendered unavoidable, she could have found it in her heart to hate him for the moment. He believed few women to be as sweet as that one whose smile accosted him at the close of the day's work. But when she flushed with passionate irritation or uttered some mocking remark, he had even been conscious of a wish that certain vows had never been uttered "each to each."

And, on this particular Tuesday, matters were precisely in this condition. For Vyan's breakfast had not been served exactly to his liking, and Persis had received the expression of his views with anything but meekness.

"I call such a dish of kidneys as this a disgrace," he said, dropping his fork with a clatter.

Thereupon Mrs. Ide glanced up from the letter she was reading.

"Oh, Vyan, I'm so sorry. I ought to have told cook how to do them. She's frightfully ignorant, just as new maids always are," with a sigh. "But she's so young."

"Then why on earth didn't you tell her?"

"You know I had to get that Christmas story off last night," she answered, with rising warmth. "I hadn't a moment during the morning; and when the thing was posted, I was so tired that I forgot all about your breakfast."

He seized the marmalade, and dug out a spoonful, with the air of a man who wishes he could pound some one's head instead.

"Forgot, yes! You always do forget. I declare this house will be a regular Mrs. Jellaby's soon! Other men can have their meals served in comfort. And——"

"Other men!" she interrupted, an accent of very distinct acrimony in her voice, whilst her eyes flashed and her breast heaved. Indeed, at that instant, Persis was feeling herself a very much injured creature indeed. "Other men! Perhaps. But I should like to know what other women have to be their own housekeepers, and to earn a share of the income, and to do parish work besides, as I have! If it isn't ordering puddings," her usually soft voice gradually deepening, as the storm in a teacup took larger proportions, "it is a mothers' meeting. And if it isn't a mothers' meeting, it's an article that has to be finished. And if it isn't any of the three, then you want some letters written, until there isn't a moment's breathing space, and something must be left undone. It was the kidneys got neglected yesterday, and I expect it will be——"

Vyan pushed his chair away from the table with an exclamation, which, in a layman, might have taken a definite shape, but which, in his case, only consisted of an inarticulate growl.

"I'm off, Persis. It's a pity that I haven't eloquence," he exclaimed. "Good-bye until luncheon."

In another moment the hall door was closed with a bang, and Mrs. Ide, with great drops already gathering in her eyes and threatening to quench the heat of her passion, was surveying the disorder of the table alone.

"He's a cruel, unreasonable man," she mentally affirmed, blinking back the threatening shower, and turning to a still unopened envelope in order to divert her mind. It was one of the lady's private grievances against herself that, try as she might, she could not make the indignation aroused by her idolized husband last long enough to bear fruit.

Her tears were all too near the surface, and with tears invariably came repentance. But she was determined not to cry now, for, at this moment, she desired anything rather than repentance. So she tore the cover of her letter across, whilst her meditations still ran on in an undercurrent. "How would he get on without me, I wonder? I wish I could go away and leave him to find out."

Inside the packet she discovered a check for twenty pounds, the payment for a tale despatched a month or two ago, and for which she had not expected such speedy remuneration. She stared at the gray slip with wide-open eyes, wherein the shadow of an idea was gradually dawning. Here was the means of departure actually in her hand; means, too, of her own winning. Why not seize the chance and go?

The notion swept over her with the force of a temptation. To rid herself for just one fortnight of her own identity, with all the worries that attached to that personality. To leave behind her the servants who were the plague of her life; the scribbling, of which she was sometimes so weary; the neighbors and parishioners, most of them uninteresting, to whom she was tired of being affable and pleasant, as vicars' wives are expected to be; the G. F. S. and the clothing clubs, that seemed too often the overburdening final straw, even the husband who was not always considerate of her perplexities!

And to go right away somewhere—anywhere. To forget, and to idle, and to sleep, and to rest! Until the vision came she had not understood how fagged she really was. But now she could not turn away her imagination from the fancy.

She stood up at last, bestowed upon herself a little admonitory shake, and went down into the kitchen to give the day's orders. But all the time that thought of getting away from this present existence, if only for a little while, was with her. And when, by-and-bye, she returned to the dining-room, it was with a determination taken.

She sat down to a business like writing-table—the table near the window where she always transacted the provident society business and made up the tradesmen's books, not the much more untidy desk where the pen was apt to run freely as it poured out the workings of her brain—and there scrawled a little note.

"DEAR VYAN,—

"I am tired of everything—even of you. So I am going away for two weeks, all on my own hook. In fifteen days from now I will be back, ready to go to work again, but until then you must spare me. I'm old enough to look after myself, and the check for 'Golden Hours,' which came this morning, will keep me going. Take care of yourself, dear."

Just that and no more, except an initial at the bottom. She read it through, and found that it sounded somewhat heartless, at which, in her new-born recklessness, she rather rejoiced. Afterwards she went to her room, put on a hat, and walked off to the railway station. Any necessaries she could buy, and in this sudden throwing aside of all the customary restraints she would not trammel her movements even with a traveling bag.

Nor, until she was half-way to Charing Cross—did I say that the Reverend Vyan was a London parson, and lived in a populous spot that once was a court suburb?—did she take the trouble so much as to decide whither she should wend her way. Then a tiny French village on the coast of Normandy presented itself to her remembrance, and the ticket for which she asked was for Calais.

"Where's your mistress?" inquired Vyan, some half-hour after the train for Dover had steamed out of London, bearing away Persis, surrounded by half-a-dozen novels. There was a delightful feeling of extravagance in the purchase of so many at once that commended itself to her soul to-day.

"Out, sir," returned the young housemaid, with an astonished and rather inquisitive glance. It must have been something in Mrs. Ide's manner which had already aroused the servant's suspicions that a mystery was afoot, for aroused they certainly were.

"Serve the luncheon. I cannot wait," he commanded briefly. And passed on into the study, where his own name, in his wife's handwriting, arrested him from the centre of the mantelpiece. In another moment Persis' letter had been read—and tossed away. If every man was angry, or puzzled, or perplexed, Vyan Ide was that individual as he crumpled up the sheet into a ball and flung it into his waste-paper basket.

"'Tired of everything, even of you,'" he muttered half-aloud. Such a pleasant greeting to meet a man who had come home filled with the large-minded resolve to bury the hatchet and generally to show himself of a forgiving nature!

"Luncheon is on the table, sir."

And whilst he ate the cutlets, which seemed even more flavorless than the kidneys, now that Persis was not there to share them, and demolished a bit of cheese, the vicar of St. Regulus' meditated, a method of procedure that tended only to wrath. For Vyan was not of an anxious turn of mind; added to which Persis was, as she had said, undeniably capable of looking after herself.

But that she, his wife, should thus take the law into her own hands and shape out a fortnight of existence without regard to him; that she should throw the weight of domestic responsibilities and social duties upon his unwilling shoulders—why, the notion was preposterous, audacious in the extreme.

Notwithstanding which conclusion Vyan had not yet fathomed all his future perplexities, nor every consequence of Persis' impulsive action. Enlightenment was not to be long delayed.

It was whilst the cleric was in the middle of the pipe intended to serve as a sedative third course, that Mr. Timpson was announced and shown into the study, whither Vyan had by that time returned. Now Mr. Timpson was one of the junior curates.

"Oh! I came to ask Mrs. Ide to go and see that old Mrs. Robins, Vicar," he began, without taking the chair to which Mr. Ide directed attention by a sort of civil scowl; "I can make nothing of the——"

"Mrs. Ide is away," briefly, but to the point; and at the information Everard Timpson opened his eyes. Persis was not given to sudden jaunts; the vicar's wife had too many engagements always on on hand.

"Indeed! I trust that no one is ill—nothing has happened?"

Never had Vyan felt more at a disadvantage. The need of preparing a story, a reason by which to account for his solitude, had not occurred to him. He grew more angry than ever, including Mr. Timpson, a most unoffending young deacon, in his wrath.

"Nothing! Not in the least. But really, Timpson, you ought to be able by this time to manage such a palpable humbug as Mrs. Robins without assistance. You have been in orders a year—no, fifteen months,"—at which reminder Mr. Timpson blushed, remembering an examination and a failure—"so you certainly should be gathering experience and nous."

Crestfallen enough the unhappy coadjutor retired, however, to be succeeded by Jane.

"Will mistress be home to tea, sir?"

To tea? Of course not, if she carried out that idiotic plan. And then he suddenly discovered that he had not, until now, ever imagined she could remain away; that he had all the time been listening for her key in the lock, and the sound of her footsteps in the hall; nay, that he had positively somewhere, in the back of his brain, been rehearsing the righteously angry words with which he should address her.

But probably she would not be home after all. Then the oration might require revision.

"She will not return for a fortnight," he said slowly, poking at the ashes in his pipe.

"A fortnight, sir? And no clothes with her? Not so much as a hand-bag she took. Shall I pack——"

The girl's inquisitive stupidity was too much for him.

"Go!" he ordered briefly, cutting the sentence short and so indeed gaining temporary calm; but becoming conscious, as soon as the door was shut behind her hastily retreating form, that she and cook would undoubtedly discuss the situation, and that not only in private. He seized his hat and left a house that felt hateful and empty.

On the Norman coast Persis found the peace and quiet that she needed. There—where no post came to harass her; where the white capped peasants curtsied and bowed, grumbling not that they "'adn't bin called on o' late;" where a bright-eyed maiden waited on her with smiles; and where, if the cooking were bad, it affected nobody but herself; she was free to sit upon the beach and think her own wandering thoughts without break or interruption.

At first those thoughts were but dreams and fancies, but they became longings for home at last. There was an intermediate stage certainly, during which she could laugh to herself over Vyan's probable household trials, and wonder, with a sense of amusement in her heart, what he would do about the mothers' meeting. But that was only a transitory mood, and the same evening she found herself with wet eyes. She was crying for her husband, and the cure was complete. Home and work would be welcome again, every burden would be willingly resumed, for a sight of his face.

The next morning found her upon the steamer, though the projected fortnight would not be over until to-morrow.

It never occurred to her to speculate how Vyan would receive her until she was almost within sight of her own door. All the journey homeward had been brightened by the picture of his smile, the sensation of his arms about her. But now a sudden terror seemed to seize her. Would he be sorry to see his wife again?

And, at that point, Mr. Timpson, passing on the other side of the way, favored her with a stare of such obvious surprise that her discomfiture was doubled.

The house, viewed from without, looked much as usual. Persis had her latchkey already in her hand as she ran up the steps, the flush of anxious eagerness upon her face. In another instant she found herself in the hall, confronting a cap-less and almost untidy Jane.

"You, ma'am!" the girl exclaimed, eyeing her with a pertness that Persis did not remember in her. "We thought p'raps you was with the master."

Mrs. Ide felt herself turn white. With the master? And where was the master? Must she bring herself to question this servant as to her husband's whereabouts? However she was a woman, and therefore more ready with explanations than the less inventive Vyan had been.

"No. As you see, I am here instead I may join the Vicar later on. But what a disgracefully dirty staircase, Jane."

A carrying of the war into the enmey's camp not fully appreciated by the domestic.

"Well, ma'am, we didn't hexpect you without the master," she retorted, still with the same slight insolence of manner. Whereupon Persis, tired, irritated and annoyed, ordered her sharply to bring tea into the drawing-room, and herself sat down to await the refreshment and to consider her position.

But the dust and dirt of the unkempt-looking apartment that she had always hitherto seen bright and comfortable worried her, distracting her ideas even from that main perplexity of Vyan's absence. Still wearing the hat in which her travels had been accomplished, she took from the drawer of a table a duster, used for the tender care of certain cherished ornaments of which she always retained the charge, and began to render the place more habitable. The womanly occupation soothed her, and by the time that Jane and the tray appeared, her customary composure had returned, and she was able to face the situation. The girl's first words too were helpful.

"When the master started yesterday for Staines, ma'am, he didn't tell us that you was to come back to-day," she said, "and cook and me made sure that he was going to meet you there."

Now Staines was the station to which Mr. Ide was wont to book when he visited his elder brother's place, and Persis began to see light. She recollected that she had returned a day before that which she had appointed. Vyan would be back to-morrow, of course; and with the notion her spirits rose, whilst the discretion which had induced her to silently await Jane's gossip unfortunately vanished.

"Did he say by what train he should travel to-morrow?" she inquired quietly,

whilst she commenced operations upon a bit of Sevres china.

"To-morrow? No," with another of those inquisitive glances. "It's o'Friday as 'e and Sir Fookes is to cross to Norway. Leastways so I 'eard 'im tell Mr. Timpson. Didn't you know?"

Persis could not repress a flush. But she deposited the Cupid in safety again upon the table, though her fingers trembled.

"It is useless for me to take all this trouble," she exclaimed. "The whole place wants turning out and sweeping. I suppose you have neglected it ever since I went away. Let it be done before breakfast to-morrow. You can go now."

And Jane went to confide in cook that things seemed to be "getting worser and worser between master and missis. First, she runs away from 'im, and then 'e gives her the slip. And they used to seem so fond o' each hother, too. Well! One never knows what folks 'ull come to."

As to Persis, she poured out her tea and drank it in a stunned condition of mind, though, all the time, surprise and misery, resentment and yearning, were struggling within her for the mastery. But misery carried the day at last. With a sudden loud sob the tears came in a shower, and Mrs. Ide could only bury her convulsed face in her handkerchief and let them work their will.

That Vyan should have treated her so! That was the consideration which produced the rain. But before it stopped the notion had changed. For had she not behaved in just the same manner to him? If he had felt it then as she was doing now, how wretched he must have been. And it was she who had made him wretched.

That evening and the night that succeeded were destined never to be forgotten by Persis. Repentant and humbled, reading condemnation of her own action even in the impertinent glances of Jane and the independent airs of cook, she saw her runaway holiday from the point of view whence others might regard it. She was a married woman, bound by certain social laws, to break which might involve suspicion and even disgrace. What must Vyan think of her? That was the main question now.

And when she had come home with such magnanimous resolves, too! Just to laugh at the disorder of Vyan's study and the failure of his domestic arrangements. Just to tell him "See how well I've got on," and to be a trifle condescending upon the subject of his managements or mismanagements!

Instead of which it was he who, after all, seemed better able to be content without her than she without him. He knew she would be here to-morrow. Yet he was capable of delaying the kiss of reunion for which she pined, until the end of a Norwegian holiday.

But the next morning brought Mr. Timpson and further troubles, even though of a minor order.

"I saw you yesterday," the deacon said half timidly, as he was ushered in. "Nobody expected you just yet. I hope the vicar is not ill."

Mr. Timpson's imaginings of possible catastrophe were limited.

"Ill? Oh, no, thank you." But her heart beat faster than its won't at the suggestion. "Why?"

"Well, that attack last week pulled him down a good deal. It was a pity that you were detained away. But, of course, under the circumstances——"

And then the aggravating man came to a full stop, whilst Persis suddenly realized that she actually was ignorant of the excuses that Vyan must have concocted in order to account for her absence, and if she did not desire further to betray herself, she must at this crisis, when she yearned to make inquiries, remain silent. Vyan had been ill, too—ill, and, in his ignorance of her address, unable to communicate with her. The idea was agony.

"Did he seem very bad?" she managed to articulate at last, but so falteringly that Mr. Timpson, being no more free than the rest of the world from curiosity, and having, moreover, previously indulged certain speculations of his own concerning the lady's sudden departure and the very evident disturbance of the vicar, regarded Persis with a mildly scrutinizing gaze. He felt inclined to ask, like Jane, "Did you not know?"

"Quite bad enough. But there is no need for anxiety now. With Sir Fookes he will be well looked after."

The kind little man really intended to comfort her, and finished with a happy unconsciousness of the additional blow he had inflicted.

But Persis felt stabbed. Yes; with his brother he would be better cared for than in his deserted home. It was only the truth after all.

"But I wanted to consult you about old Mrs. Robins," the young cleric recommenced. "She——"

"Oh, I can't think about Mrs. Robins now," retorted Persis, losing her temper and her head together. "She is an old hypocrite, I'm afraid, like most other people of her sort. Really——"

"Mrs. Ide! Surely you don't class all the poor as——"

His startled face recalled her to herself. Everard Timpson was a firm believer in her judgment, of which, for his own part, he distinctly stood in awe. Whatever she asserted he would credit, be it never so sweeping. Persis laughed the laugh of exasperation.

"No, I don't. But I'm worn out with my journey, Mr. Timpson, and must ask you to leave me. I ought to have told Jane that I was invisible this morning."

Whereupon the gentleman departed, inwardly making a note of the fact that Mrs. Robins' name had the power to arouse the ire both of Mr. and Mrs. Ide, and determining, in consequence, and in his own mind, to have nothing more to do with that old woman. Certainly she was eminently unsatisfactory. Of that there could be no doubt.

Vyan ill! Her own husband whom she loved. And that through the worry, without doubt, which she had brought upon him. Twisting her fingers in and out of each other, pacing the floor of first one room and then another, Persis pictured his face, pale and suffering. And she—she—had allowed household cares, and parish burdens, and literary fatigues to drive her from him. She had told him that she was tired—even of him!

And then came a new idea. She might go to him now and put it all straight. The brothers had not as yet started for Norway. Staines was no such formidable distance away. And if Fookes did think it odd of her, he could but laugh at her, as he had often laughed before.

Even pride seemed dead. The humiliation of the night hours had lasted until now. What if Vyan had gone away and left her? She had left him first.

She ran to her room, and, standing in front of the glass, whilst sobs that were partly of hope and partly of penitence convulsed her throat, began to adjust her hat and veil. When the door opened suddenly and over her shoulder, in the mirror, she saw him.

"Vyan!"

"My wife!"

Of course there were explanations later on, in the course of which Persis discovered that where she had maintained her resolution for almost the allotted space, Vyan had, in spite of retributive vows, found himself unable to resist the temptation to see her again at the first possible moment.

"I thought you would not arrive until the afternoon, and that I should be back in time to welcome you," he said. And then she gloried over him a little, of course. She was but a woman, so what could you expect?

But all that came afterwards. At present the joy of being together was enough and more than enough for both.

"Not that I can get off my trip, Persis," he explained. "Only you must come too. Oh, wife, I can't do without my comrade."

"And to think that you were ill, and I——"

"Ill? When? I had a toothache last week. That's all the illness I know of. Was it Timpson who told you?"

She sighed with relief and nestled closer to him.

"Yes."

"And came with a tale about that Mrs. Robins, I haven't a doubt."

At which Persis, remembering the scene of half-an-hour ago, laughed.

"Yes."

"That fellow Timpson is an ass," the Vicar remarked, with emphasis.

TRIAL OF THE ROSES.

In the garden of the madhouse, where the white snow of butterflies flew up towards the sun, the young alien wandered aimlessly. He was pale with a gentle expression. And what sadness in his pale eyes! Stopping before an eglantine bush he picked a flower, and then, standing between two rose trees, he picked from one a tea rose and from the other a moss rose.

He placed the three flowers on a wooden bench at the foot of the shady path.

He said to the eglantine:

"Eglantine, answer! You are accused in the days when you were a poor girl of having mercilessly abandoned a poor and sad youth who loved you to marry an old man who was rich. What have you to say in your defense?"

He awaited the response, and then resumed:

"Your case has been heard. I condemn you."

He said to the tea rose:

"Tea rose, answer! You are accused, in the days when you were a young woman of the world of having tortured to desperation by the infamous contagion of your lying smiles a miserable young man whose heart beat ardently, alas, for you alone. What have you to say in your defense?"

He awaited the response and then resumed:

"Your case has been heard. I condemn you."

He said to the moss rose:

"Moss rose, answer! You are accused, in the days when you were a vender of kisses and smiles of having ruined by your perverse caresses a man who sought in your love forgetfulness of his old despairs. What have you to say in your defense?"

He waited the response and then resumed:

"Your case has been heard. I condemn you."

Having rendered his judgment he drew from his pocket a pretty but complicated little instrument made of cedar wood and sparkling steel; it was a tiny guillotine which he, dreaming, had made in his leisure hours.

Each in her turn he laid on the miniature head-block the eglantine, the tea rose and the moss rose; one after the other under the little knife which fell and severed, the flowers, separated from their stems, dropped on the gravel of the path.

He picked them up and looked at them long and intently.

Then, moving slowly towards a shadowy corner of the garden, where no person passed by, he dug a little grave with his fingers, in which he laid the three criminals, covering them with earth and acacia leaves.

Then, kneeling down, he wept bitterly until evening over the tomb of the guilty roses.

THE NAUTCH DANCER.—The tent was already densely packed with Hindoo spectators, a line of statuesque torch-bearers stood around a long carpet, and at the end of the carpet lay a pile of cushions under a canopy, all of gold-worked crimson velvet. This was the Rajah's palace, but as he had sent word that he could not be present, the music struck up when our party had seated themselves in a row of chairs on a raised platform at the right. Then the dancing began, dances by several bayaderes, and single dances accompanied with song and recitative, ending with a performance by the court actors.

After a preliminary ballet in which two or three took part, a dainty little personage came forward- graceful, gazelle-eyed—enveloped in a filmy cloud of black and gold gaze which floated airily about her. She was the living incarnation of the Nautch, as interpreted by the sculptors of Chitor. From the air of laughing assurance with which she surveyed her assembled subjects, it was evident that she was accustomed to homage and sure of conquest.

She held her audience absorbed and expectant, by the monotonous and plaintive cadence of her song, by her long glances full of intense meaning from half-closed eyes, and by swift changes of expression and mood, as well as by the spell of "woven paces and of waving arms."

One may see many a Nautch without retaining such a vivid impression; much of its force was owing, no doubt, to the fitness of the place and the charm of strange accessories, the uncertain glare of the smoking torches, the mingling of musky odors with the overpowering scent of attar of roses and of wilting jasmine flowers; these perfumes were intensified in the close air of the tent by the heat of the night—the prelude to the fiercer heat which comes with the morning and the rising of the hot wind.

MAN is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

Scientific and Useful.

A TIMEPIECE FOR THE BLIND.—A recent invention is a watch for the use of the blind. It is so arranged that by passing the fingers ever so lightly over the raised letters of the dial the hands are disturbed. In the middle of each figure is a movable peg. The hour-hand would be stopped if the peg remained stationary, but at the touch of the hour-hand it drops. To learn what is the hour, the blind man passes his fingers round the circle till he finds the peg that is down. The latter remains down until the next peg drops. In order to find the minutes there is a similar set of pegs on the outer edge of the dial for the minute hand.

THE HORSE SHOE MAGNET.—An ingenious application of the horse-shoe magnet is found in a tack hammer recently invented. The head of the hammer is of the ordinary shape, but the pointed end is divided into two prongs, nearly touching each other and flattened at the tip. These prongs are magnetized like the poles of an ordinary horse-shoe magnet, and when the hammer is introduced into a box or paper of tacks it picks up one and holds it with the head against the flattened tip, the point of the tack directed outward. A light blow fixes the tack in the wall, and it may then be driven in with the other end of the hammer. This does away with holding the tack, with the risk of hammering one's fingers.

A NEW PRODUCT.—It is now stated that by subjecting pure cellulose to the action of caustic soda and afterward treating the same with carbon bisulphide, which has been practiced in England, a product possessing remarkable industrial value is the result. Dissolved in water an insoluble coagulum is produced, which, when washed and removed from the water, becomes hard and compact, in which condition it is found available for tool handles, buttons and other articles; or, if the material while still in solution has alcohol added to it, there is obtained a mass which may be stamped into a variety of objects, may be used as a medium for pigments in printing cotton goods, applied to cloth as a facing, or used as a substitute for leather. It is also stated that cloth having a coating of this solution is flexible in washing, but stiffens when ironed, so that shirt bosoms, collars, cuffs, and table linen may be made from it advantageously.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT HOUSES.—A fruit house should be partly under ground, this giving more warmth in winter and coolness in summer. The walls should be non-conducting, and ventilation be provided for. The temperature should be a few degrees above freezing and be even.

THE HOG.—The hog should find a place in the economical management of every farm; given an opportunity he will turn to good account many things that would otherwise go to waste. The milk and slop can usually be fed to the growing pigs to better advantage than to almost any other class of stock. But to maintain good health and thrift he should not have all of the neglects heaped upon him because he is a hog. He needs good treatment to make the most out of him, and the more fully this is given the better.

WEEDS.—Professor Woodworth, of the Michigan Agricultural College, believes that electricity is quite as cheap as salt for the killing of weeds, in the long run, as it is much more effective, and destroys the plant to the root. He proposes to experiment on the most noxious weeds by taking a wheelbarrow or wagon supplied with a storage battery to the land to be cleared, and let the hanging wires drag along the ground. He insists on the practicability of removing Canada and Russian thistles from farms in this way.

STOCK-FEEDING.—Among French farmers it is considered much better to give beet or mangel-wurzel pulp to sheep and cattle for production of meat than for milk. Horses will not eat it readily. The daily rations of pulp given to sheep and cattle vary; but the amount generally considered most favorable is about five pounds per head for sheep and fifty pounds for cattle, in admixture with hay, seed-cake, corn-meal, or other food. The pulp is stored for preservation in trenches, and for this purpose it is mixed with about one per cent. its weight of salt to prevent putrelactive fermentation.

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An Object In Life.

Contending against the contention of some moralists, that fame, wealth, power, or any other acquisition, is not worth pursuit, because those who are in possession of it are not happier than their fellow-creatures. A late moralist submitted that, granting them to be no happier, this by no means proved the object to be not worth pursuing, since there may be much pleasure, not only in the chase, but in the novelty of the acquisition.

Such moralists, he urged, seem to forget that man, by the necessity of his nature, must have some end which he can pursue with ardor; that to be without aim and object is to be miserable; that the necessary business of life requires on the part of many an ardent aspiration after wealth, power, and reputation; and that it is not the pursuits themselves, but the vices with which they may be connected, that are proper objects of reprobation.

It was in his ode to Despondency that Burns called and counted happy those "sons of busy life who, equal to the bustling strife, no other view regard. Even when the wished-for end's denied, yet, while the busy means are plied, they bring their own reward." Himself "a hope-abandoned wight, unfitted with an aim," he met each "sad returning night and joyless morn the same."

Without some calm passion, some degree of some species of desire, argued Sydney Smith, in his course of lectures on moral philosophy, the mind could not long endure; such a state is probably the state of fatuity or idiotism—a man in such a condition would stop in the middle of the street and remain there all his life.

Some degree of passion therefore being not only pleasing but necessary, whenever this stimulus does not exist in due proportion, we feel ennui; when there is a judge degree of passion, and that passion directs us to objects easily attainable, we feel contented; for "contentment is not the absence of calm passion, but the constant facility of gratifying it without too much difficulty, and without subsequent inconvenience." Not but that the excitement of violent emotion has its allurements too; it is all a question of degree.

Never was Carlyle tired of preaching, as the latest gospel in this world, "Know thy work and do it." Again and again he pronounced blessed the man who has found his work, and who should therefore ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it. That practical philosopher, Sir Humphry Davy, affirmed that, next to religion, the most important principle in life is to have a pursuit.

It is a bad thing, said the first Lord Lytton, for a clever and ardent man not to have from the outset some paramount object of life. An equally popular writer has depicted a life made most miserable, most hopeless, by reason of its emptiness—the life of one who recognizes no duty to perform, no task to achieve; for that nature must be utterly selfish, entirely given over to Sybarite rest and self-indulgence, which does not feel a lack of something wanting there—a duty or a purpose. "Better to be Sisyphus toiling up the mountain-side than Sisyphus with the stone taken from him, and no hope of ever reaching the top."

The Captain Clutterbuck whom Scott created as the imaginary writer of introductory epistles is frank in avowing the new zest in life he gained from his antiquarian mission, which not only enhanced his sense of self importance, but his feeling of general comfort; he ate with more appetite, he digested with more ease, he lay down at night with joy and slept sound till morning, when he arose with a sense of busy interest, and lost all consciousness of certain unpleasant and nondescript sensations about his head and stomach to which he had been in the habit of attending, more to the benefit of the village apothecary than his own, for the pure want of something else to think about. He had found out an occupation unwittingly, and was happy because he had something to do.

He who would wisely choose his plan of life must determine with himself what are the great ends of his existence, so that to those ends all means may be subordinate, instead of rendering the ultimate design subordinate to what is merely instrumental. Nothing regulates the mind like a life regulated from within, however troubled it may be by events from without; the soul may maintain its level amid checks and crosses, but infallibly loses it in a wandering existence without any object.

Frankenstein opens the first chapter of his strange eventful history with a record of his satisfaction, or, at least, relief, in the mere labor of writing it, considering the end he had in view; "for nothing contributes so much to tranquillize the mind as a steady purpose—a point on which the soul may fix its intellectual eye."

A dissertator on the subject of idleness justly asserts no state to be more unfortunate than that listless want of purpose which has nothing to do, which is interested in nothing, and which has no serious object in life—the drifting, aimless temperament which merely waits and does not even watch, being the most disastrous that a man or woman can possess.

Feverish energy, wearing itself out in comparative nothings, he takes to be better than the indolence which folds its hands and makes neither work nor pleasure. Not all of us, he goes on to say, have our work cut out and ready to do; very many of us have to seek for objects of interest and to create our own employment; and, were it not for the energy which makes work by its own force, the world would still be one lying in barbarism, content with the skins of beasts for clothing, and with wild fruits and roots for food.

Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons were all too truly described by him as an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit and a sort of listless apathy; they are either grinding or doing nothing; and, to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence.

A man, he argues, should have some pursuits which may be always in his power, and to which he may gladly turn in his hours of recreation. Nor is the reflection to be overlooked, if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? That the heart be idle is worst of all.

IN every occupation much must be forgotten that the valuable parts may be remembered. The inventor must keep ever before his mind the hitherto unattained object he hopes to effect, the artist must embody his idea in his picture, the physician must go to the seat of the disease, the lawyer must preserve in mind the strong points of his argument. If details of any kind so occupy their minds and memories as to hide these important ends, their work is doomed to inferiority. Good work of every kind demands concentration, and concentration demands much forgetfulness.

EVERY one we meet knows something which we do not, and may improve and instruct us, if we are only humble and sincere enough to learn of him. Emerson says, "Shall I tell you the secret of the true scholar? It is this—every man I meet is my master in some point, and in that I learn of him." But this is impossible while shame at being thought ignorant seals the lips. Frankness, sincerity, a teachable attitude, and a desire to learn must pave the way, or it will never be trodden.

IN the humblest business, as well as in the very highest aims of life, success practically depends on the exercise of the moral quite as much as on that of the intellectual faculties. Knowledge by itself is only a small power. It is character that converts it into a great power. Character is to knowledge just what interest is to money. It is the animating force that renders it productive.

AN excellent and well-tried recipe for keeping boys and girls out of mischief in the long winter evenings is to give them something suitable and interesting to do. Set them to making scrapbooks. If there are two or three children, let each one take a subject and see what and how much he can collect upon it.

EVERY good principle is more strengthened by its exercise, and every good affection is more strengthened by its indulgence than before. Acts of virtue ripen into habits, and the goodly and permanent result is the formation or establishment of a virtuous character.

INDEPENDENT is he who has no wants which he cannot gratify without the least risk of being overtaken by debt or tempted to dishonor; a man ten times richer, but with twenty times more wants, is, in reality, twice as poor.

HOLD on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity. Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and all places. Hold on to your good character, for it is and always will be your best wealth.

AN honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

BE decided as to what course you will pursue throughout life. Do not, without sufficient reason, deviate from it; and, though you should not become a distinguished man, yet rest assured your life will not be fruitless.

NO one can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb puts very tersely—"A man can't bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without smutting his nose."

THE envious man is tormented not only by all the ills that befall himself but by all the good that happens to another. He is made gloomy not only by his own cloud but by another's sunshine.

YOU have plenty of this world's goods if, with your little, you have content. If you have not content, you can never have enough of anything.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

MAXWELL S.—We think the weight of the world has been estimated at 600,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

L. B. G.—We fear it is only too true that it is the exception in this every-day world where love and wisdom drink out of the same cup. What, we must ask, do you expect from the indulgence of the foolish fancy which has suddenly seized you? Without giving a thought to the person's character, to his social position, to the opinions of your relatives and friends, and, most of all, to the heavy responsibilities and obligations of the future, you seek to gratify an inclination which as likely as not may bring you lifelong regret. Where is your womanly pride, your common worldly prudence? "It is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your harvest." The making or the marring of your existence is in your own hands. It is easy to take an irreparable step in the direction indicated. The great art of life is to play for much and stake little. You wish to stake much and gain little, or possibly lose all? Reject your present idea, or at least, before entertaining it further, take counsel with your friends. Remember—"she that weds well will wisely match her love, nor be below her husband nor above."

G. P.—During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the tradesmen in London did not not number their houses, as may be seen in Hogarth's pictures and various old drawings, but distinguished each house by a sign stuck on a pole or swinging from the house. These signs in time blocking up the streets, an Order in Council caused them to be set back flat against the walls. But the greatest improvement—fought against every where by the advertising shop holders—was the numbering of the houses, about which you inquire. The first street so numbered was New Burlington Street, in June, 1764. The fashion went eastward, and the houses in Lincoln's Inn Fields were the next, and then some of the newer squares. The traders of Cheapside, Fleet Street, Holborn, etc., stood out till the end of the century with their signs, and the publicans still retain theirs. On the fronts of some old houses signs are still to be seen carved in stone or wood. Bankers, butchers, gloves, scriveners, booksellers, each and all took some fanciful cognisance; and Gay, in his Trivia, represents the puzzled country man walking wearily up and down the street to find such-and such a sign, and at last giving up in despair. No doubt the individual selfishness of householders withstood every improvement, whether as to paving, lighting, or draining, as long as possible.

HARMO.—We do not deny the balmy enjoyment to be derived from that envelopment of dreamy mist which a "Song without Words" of Mendelssohn's, feelings and skilfully played, always throws around us; we enjoy the tears that slowly flows, the sadness that ensues as the pathetic song is poured forth in low and thrilling tones; we like to be restless when the merry quadrille is being performed; but we repeat our former assertion, that music is only inarticulate, imperfect poetry; wonderful truly, but not equal in its results to the more certain, more intelligible, more lastingly inspiring, written poetry. Both are instruments through which the heart or the intellect speaks. Poetry has this advantage: it can draw the line closely at every shade of expression. Indignation can be expressed in verse; can it in instrumental music? Would it not be mistaken for wild fury, or madness, or any other violent passion? A good poem leads and directs its hearer to good thoughts upon a given subject; a good piece of music lets him ride airily in a misty balloon, and without a grapnel, in the thin air of imagination (we can scarcely dignify it with the name of thought), till the sounds cease, and he comes with a dull thud to the ground, and all is over. Poetry appeals to the heart; music to the senses, and is sensuous, Both are good. It is perhaps almost unwise of us to compare them, knowing how odious comparisons generally are.

WRITER.—A consciousness of ignorance and a keen sense of imperfection are excellent qualities in a young writer. Self-confidence may make a showy spurt, but modesty is a "stayer." We should have thought the absolute impossibility of writing about society and places of which you know nothing would have shut out the subject from discussion. Such attempts must make the writer appear ridiculous. The story of common life interests every one, and there is a romance in every street and alley. Do not attempt to describe scenery from imagination or to picture phases of life that you have never seen. It is a good plan for writers of every kind to carry a note-book and make jottings of suggestions as they occur. Not only are thoughts, situations, characters, and phrases that might be useful, but would be forgotten and lost, preserved for future reference, but a habit of looking for materials is formed. The unsystematic writer, who sits down deliberately to make a plot and weave all his materials out of his own brain, has a far heavier task before him than the one who has a storehouse of hints, pictures, and suggestions that have been seized and kept in the moment of their arrival. He is rarely in want of a subject. His difficulty is rather that of selection from his materials. Of course everybody cannot work by the same plan; much depends on temperament. It is particularly necessary that writers of short stories—which use up ideas very rapidly—should always be on the alert to seize fugitive fancies.

A SONG.

BY W. W. LONG.

Win love and lose love,
Love will come again,
Back to arms that held it,
Seeking rest from pain.

Win love and lose love,
The world of men among,
Love will come back again
With the first song it sung.

Her Only Chance.

BY F. O. M.

LAURA LESLIE left school with a firm determination to get on in life, to inspire her neighbors with a species of respectful admiration, and ultimately to conquer for herself by matrimony a certain position in the great world which she felt so eminently fitted to adorn.

Let us briefly enumerate her advantages. She was well born and well educated—in the narrow sense of having passed innumerable examinations in the most creditable manner. A fair, smiling face and expressive blue eyes rendered her the incalculable service of effectually masking a hard, business-like little heart under a soft, sympathetic garb. A tall, slim figure lent her that air of natural distinction which is so invaluable to a young woman bent on making a mark in the world.

Finally, Laura was an only child, for which fact she felt that she could never be sufficiently thankful. No awkward, long-legged brothers, always getting into mischief and running up heavy bills at college. No inconvenient younger sisters, clamoring for their share of new dresses and admiration.

It is to be doubted whether she even felt her mother's early death to be an unmitigated evil. At all events she thoroughly appreciated the independence consequent upon her forlorn condition.

Laura soon found that she had to contend with one great difficulty in her father's habits. Mr. Leslie (although descended from a perfectly genuine earl, as Laura often reminded herself) was an unworldly old bookworm, who shuffled about during the greater part of the day in carpet slippers and a loose alpaca coat, equally indifferent to the rival claims upon his attention of his daughter and his parish, so long as they did not interfere with his favorite hobby.

But even worse than the carpet slippers and the slovenly early dinners in which the old gentleman had revelled undisturbed for so many years, was his unsophisticated trick of making friends of all sorts of odd people, quite outside the pale of society, provided they struck him as interesting companions.

Mr. Croft, for instance, who had lately taken the Hall Farm, and of whom until then they had never heard. As far as Laura could make out her father was in the habit of associating with him on terms of perfect equality—a state of things which should certainly not continue if she could help it.

For Mr. Croft, as far as they knew, was of no more social standing in the world than any of the other farmers in the neighborhood. Not that she had seen the man yet, for he happened to be away from Westford at the time of her return. But she could fancy him easily; some aggressive old churchwarden, whose prosy pedantry had deluded her father into the belief that he had at last lighted upon a kindred spirit.

The first struggle took place across the breakfast table, over which Laura was presiding in a pretty spring frock, looking the very picture of guileless girlhood as she carefully poured out her father's tea and helped him to his daily boiled egg.

"Thank you, my dear," said the old gentleman dreamily, looking up from the large volume reposing by the side of his plate. "I have had a note from Croft; here it is—no, that's not it. Nor that either. Well, I must have mislaid it, then. How very singular. I made sure that it was in my hand a minute ago."

"Oh, that is impossible, papa! Besides, you know you are always losing things! But, at any rate, you cannot remember the contents of this wonderful note."

"Nothing important, my dear; at least in one sense. He wished to show me a catalogue of books he came across the other day; a unique list from all accounts, but nothing that will interest you, I fear. So I asked him to bring it this evening, and——"

"Do you mean to say you asked him to dinner, papa?" interrupted Laura, icily.

"Yes, I suppose so, my dear," was the somewhat vague reply. Mr. Leslie was fast relapsing into oblivion.

Laura felt keenly that the moment had arrived when she ought to assert herself once for all, but she was a little disconcerted by her father's serene unconsciousness of offence. She was rather too much afraid of him to risk a direct collision, and in spite of his sleepy ways she felt instinctively that his scorn would not be a pleasant thing to encounter. Still, it was very clear that something must be done.

"Papa," she began, hesitatingly.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mr. Leslie, without raising his eyes from his book.

"Don't you think the poor man will feel rather out of his element dining here to-night?"

"Why, my dear? He has done so often before."

"Ah, but that was rather different," murmured Laura, with a desperate but carefully repressed longing to shake her poor old parent into a livelier sense of the conventionalities.

"I daresay he won't mind dining late," Mr. Leslie went on; "in fact, I fancy he does so at home. But we shall want a long evening to compare his catalogue with the one they sent me from town. You must amuse yourself with your needlework, my dear, whilst we talk."

Laura sighed deeply, shrugged her shoulders, and went on with her breakfast.

"Poor papa is incorrigible," she thought. "I must direct my attack against the monster in person. Unless he is the obtusest of mankind he will feel too uncomfortable ever to appear at the vicarage."

With this thoroughly hospitable intention, Laura exhausted her somewhat limited resources in devising a smart little dinner, which would, she hoped, impress forcibly upon Mr. Croft the difference between vicarage and farmhouse habits.

For a time she hesitated over her choice of a dress; perhaps it would be most cutting to ignore the presence of a visitor altogether, and appear in her oldest and shabbiest attire.

But after all, Laura was only nineteen and had some of the weaknesses of her sex, although tempered with an unusual amount of discretion.

So she finally proved to herself satisfactorily that her wisest course would be to annihilate poor Mr. Croft by the elegance of her person as well as by the refinement of her surroundings.

"If he has any sense at all, he will feel like that proverbial bull in a china shop," she thought rather spitefully, being annoyed at the waste of a clean muslin frock. For Laura's best frocks were few and far between; still as she sensibly reflected, her opportunities of wearing them were not numerous; and even a hopelessly unappreciative bucolic audience is better than none.

Thus she sailed into the drawing room, mercilessly resolved to pulverize the unfortunate visitor with her scorn, but not altogether averse to permitting him one glance at his hostess' unrivaled charms before flying vanquished from the field.

Exactly two minutes of Mr. Croft's society was sufficient to dispel this pleasing vision. Good-looking, self possessed and irreproachably dressed in evening clothes, he was a very different person to the clumsy rustic that Laura had anticipated. Stunned by this discovery, she actually found herself listening with a pleased smile to Mr. Croft's admiring comments on the flowers before she realized how conspicuously she had failed in playing her part.

Here was this objectionable stranger (for his veneer of good manners, if one come to think of it, rather intensified the awkwardness of the situation) not only appearing perfectly at home amidst his superior surroundings, but even presuming to set his hostess at ease, as if she were merely a shy school girl.

Laura could have cried with vexation, but she pulled herself together, and anxiously awaited the moment when, by some false step, he should lay himself open to the crushing snub which she was longing to administer.

In the meantime, she was forced to admit that he was much more interesting than the generality of their friends. Perhaps it was accounted for by his having lived abroad, though it was a revelation to Laura that colonial life had such a refining effect.

"Why did you come home?" she found herself asking with genuine interest.

"A variety of reasons, among which several aged and affectionate relatives figured largely, obliged me to return. Besides it was a very rough life."

"I wonder that you minded that, as you were brought up to it," she could not help saying. This cool assumption of equality was intolerable.

Mr. Croft looked amused. "You are a wonderful judge of character," he said. "Candidly, I did not mind it in the least. Still, it is pleasant to be in civilized society again." Then he turned to Mr. Leslie with some apposite remark, which started the old gentleman off on one of his favorite hobbies.

If by any chance Mr. Croft found a dainty little dinner, presided over by a charmingly pretty hostess, preferable to a dish of mutton chops dispensed by a prosy old bookworm, he was far too prudent to show it.

For the remainder of the evening he confined his attention to Mr. Leslie, which unexpected manœuvre annoyed the cool Laura more than she cared to confess.

But this was by no means the last that she was destined to see of her foe. Unsubdued by her stately bearing and studiedly distant manners, he continued his frequent visits at the vicarage, and insisted with so much quiet pertinacity upon a friendly recognition of his presence, that Laura gradually laid down her arms and drifted with the stream.

The last barrier was broken down on the day when she was weak enough to accept his offer of a horse. He had once before mentioned in a tentative way that it would be very pleasant for the vicar to have a companion on his solitary rides, and that his own bay mare carried a lady; but she had deliberately ignored the suggestion, foreseeing that it must lead to increased intimacy.

After a time, however, the monotony of existence in the country broke even her proud spirit. She had chilled the advances of their few neighbors, on the unanswerable grounds that she did not take the slightest interest in either hearing or retailing local gossip—a lofty sentiment, which, being translated, meant that she had no intention of associating with the doctor's or the solicitor's daughters, who represented all the available society of the place.

On the other hand, by the time one has weeded out all such of one's country neighbors as might correctly be termed "common place," one is apt to find oneself the proud centre of a refined solitude. Such was the case with Laura.

In spite of the depressing fact that the county families took not the slightest notice of her return home, she still hoped that by dint of keeping her humbler surroundings at a distance she might gradually work into the circle in which she mentally classed herself.

She often quoted a favorite maxim of a worldly old aunt's, with whom she had spent most of her holidays, to the effect that every girl had at least one chance of getting on in life if she only left herself free to embrace it.

Laura firmly resolved to act up to this pleasing idea of Aunt Augusta's. In the meantime life was abominably dull, and in the absence of all witnesses it did not appear such an unpardonable indiscretion to ignore the question of social disparity in the solitary instance of Mr. Croft. Besides she comforted herself with the gracious thought that she could always shake him off if she really wished to.

"I would not run the risk if he had any female relatives to take advantage of my weakness," she thought. "Not even for the sake of a ride. But I can trust myself to keep the man in his place."

Thus she stifled the voice of conscience, ever warning her in the accents of Aunt Augusta, that she was diverging from the path of duty and abandoning her former high standard.

The first ride was so pleasant that Laura soon forgot her scruples, and yielded herself to the full enjoyment of the present. Mr. Croft led the mare up to the vicarage himself, and suggested indifferently that perhaps he had better accompany them a little way to see how she behaved. Oddly enough he did not turn back, although her conduct proved irreproachable.

Laura's knowledge of riding was limited to a few lessons she had taken during her visits to Scarborough, so she was not sufficiently at her ease to indulge in any sharp speeches.

As for the vicar, he was always fond of a patient listener, and experience was beginning to teach him that outsiders were, as a rule, far more attentive to his long-winded discourses than his pretty daughter.

Laura smiled and said, "Yes papa," in the nicest manner at stated intervals during his explanations, still it was obvious that she took but a languid interest in archæological discoveries, and was lukewarm even on the all-absorbing topic of old manuscripts. Plainly a sympathetic stranger who could appreciate both sides of the difficulty was an invaluable addition to this family party.

"I sometimes think that you hardly value your father's learning as you should," observed Mr. Croft once whilst they were waiting outside a cottage where the vicar was visiting a sick child. The first ride had been succeeded by many others, and Laura had insensibly glided into a close friendship with the once despised tenant of the Hall Farm. She did not resent his straightforward criticism of her conduct; indeed she tacitly acknowledged the truth of the accusation.

"I suppose papa really knows a great deal," she answered; "but he doesn't contrive to communicate his learning in a very palatable form. Doesn't he remind you of a dictionary? Now some clever people are so different."

The words were scarcely spoken when she was struck by the absurdity of the situation. Here was she, seriously discussing with the tenant of the Hall Farm a subject upon which by the nature of things he must necessarily be ignorant.

How could he possibly decide between the contending claims of highly educated people? No wonder he was immensely impressed by her father's prosy conversation, as probably he had never even associated with a University man before.

"How absurd! I am treating him exactly like an equal," she thought, and tried to laugh. But candor compelled her to add: "No wonder; he is an equal, practically a superior, in all that is worth knowing."

Obviously if this kind of thing had gone on much longer, Aunt Augusta's pupil would have been hopelessly demoralized. But at this opportune moment a piece of news from the outer world broke in upon Laura's day dreams, and rudely awoke her to a sense of her danger.

"Have you heard that my landlord is expected at the Hall?" inquired Mr. Croft one morning as he met her outside the vicarage gate.

"What! Sir Gilbert is not coming home!"

"Yes, indeed, and Miss Coventry. They say she has taken a great dislike to their place in Norfolk, and under those circumstances we may expect to see a great deal of them here, for she entirely rules her father. My informant," he added, smiling, "is Mrs. Smith at the shop, but as she was formerly a servant at the Hall, no doubt she knows all about it. Now I hope you have nothing to do this afternoon, because I have come to arrange with your father about that long ride over the hills we have so often talked of trying."

"I am afraid that I cannot possibly manage it as I have an engagement," began Laura, stiffly. "Perhaps papa will like to come with you."

"What nonsense. You know he is perfectly indifferent to views, and infinitely prefers a ride along the hard road, as affording fewer interruptions to conversation. But of course your engagement is a movable one; only yesterday you were signing for the hills."

"Indeed it is quite impossible," reiterated Miss Leslie, with so much decision that her companion fairly stared at her in astonishment; then with a formal bow, sauntered out of the gate and home, beguiling the journey with morose reflections on the wonderful ways of women.

As he strolled along he busied himself vainly in trying to evolve some reasonable explanation of Laura's strange behavior. Probably, after all, she was only a little shy or out of temper (as it happened she never gave way to any of these human weaknesses). At any rate, he might have tried the effect of a little judicious coaxing, instead of striding away at the rebuff, like a sulky bear.

He had half a mind to return to the vicarage, but thinking better of it, went out and blew up the farm bailiff for wasting his time; a proceeding which hurt nobody and acted as a safety valve.

Little did he imagine that he had uttered his own death warrant; that Laura's blue eyes had taken in the whole situation at a glance, and her pretty, scheming head at once decided how to act. With the return of the Coventrys she saw a natural opening into that society which she had always coveted; only it would never do for them them to find her fast friends with their own tenant. With laudable strength of mind she resolved to break with Mr. Crofton at once.

"It is very unpleasant, but it must be

done," she said firmly, and then fell into a brilliant day-dream, in which she saw herself established as Miss Coventry's bosom friend, and taking a conspicuous part in all the entertainments to be given at the Hall. And then what illimitable possibilities for the future she foresaw.

"For if papa is really as clever as they say, he may some day become a bishop," she reflected, "and a bishop's daughter is equal to anybody."

As it happened, Laura was personally acquainted with only one bishop's daughter, and she had recently married the eldest son of a peer; and so she naturally ranked their advantages rather highly.

"But I daresay he would not accept it if he got the chance," she added gloomily. "At least, not if he had to change his ways and forsake his old carpet slippers and alpaca coat, which would look slightly incongruous in a palace. I must contrive to impress upon the Coventrys that his eccentricities are those of a literary man, and then let him slip quietly into the background.

"It is hard that papa, with his connections and talents, should be so little use. I might almost as well be a foundling. Aunt Augusta is too much of an invalid to help; besides, she never leaves Scarborough. So I must rely entirely upon myself, and undoubtedly my first step will be to make friends with the Coventrys."

In making this very sensible resolution Laura had not paid sufficient attention to one important item, namely, a reciprocity of interests on the part of Miss Coventry. To her intense disappointment, that young lady received her advances coolly and without any demonstrations of rapture at the discovery of a congenial spirit. Miss Coventry was already a favorite of fortune, rich, handsome, and well connected. She stood in no need of Laura, and she showed it unmistakeably in her manner.

The first interview, somehow, was not a success. Laura, after spending much superfluous energy on smartening up the old vicar sufficiently to accompany her on a formal call, was glad when it was over. Miss Coventry was certainly exquisitely pretty; prettier than herself, Laura reluctantly admitted; but they never got beyond the merest platitudes, and all Laura's efforts at an approach to intimacy met with no response.

Yet throughout the interview Miss Coventry's manner was so courteous, and her bearing so perfect, that it was impossible to take the slightest offence at her somewhat distant manner.

Mr. Leslie had fared far better with Sir Gilbert, a pompous but kindly old gentleman, much interested in the condition of the Highway Board, and such local topics. Laura could not help wishing that Miss Coventry had taken more after her father. Still she had the presence of mind to describe the inmates of the Hall as "quite charming, and such pleasant neighbors!" to the doctor's wife, who had not yet summoned up courage to call, and who forthwith propagated the pleasing fiction that Miss Leslie and Miss Coventry were in a fair way of becoming quite inseparable.

Laura's sole thought now was how to convert the fictitious intimacy into a substantial reality. She brooded over the idea until the words "Miss Coventry" and "social success" seemed almost convertible terms in her mind.

If Sir Gilbert happened to speak to her coming out of church, or his daughter nodded across the road, it sent her home in a whirl of pleasant anticipations. At the same time she tried to avoid any meetings with Mr. Croft, wisely preferring this negative method of eluding the difficulty to a more open breach of the peace.

But she missed him horribly at times, in spite of a self-approving conscience, finding Miss Coventry's frigid greetings but a poor substitute for the merry rides and confidential talks which a strong sense of duty compelled her reluctantly to forego for the future.

This state of things continued for some weeks, when Laura was at last rewarded for her sacrifices by receiving (in common with about two hundred other people) an invitation to a garden party at the Hall. Eagerly she read and re-read the formal card, as if there were something peculiarly fascinating about the brief statement that Miss Coventry would be at home from four to seven on the following Thursday.

To her indomitably hopeful disposition this slight civility seemed likely to inaugurate a new era. Here at last was the opportunity she desired for soaring above her pretty surroundings and taking her first step up the social ladder.

With unwearying patience she rehearsed every detail of her part, omitting no trifling accessory of dress or deportment which might contribute to her success.

"One thing I certainly want," she thought, regretfully, as she wandered along the overgrown paths of the rambling, neglected old garden on the eve of the eventful day.

"It is so awkward going about without any regular chaperon; quite a disadvantage to a girl, in my opinion. If only poor mamma had lived."

A crashing sound broke in upon her reveries, and before she had time to fly, Mr. Croft was off his horse and shaking hands with her across the hedge.

"I had no intention of coming this way until I saw you," he explained, "but I daresay you will let me use the short cut through the garden."

Before she could reply they were walking, side by side, down the shady path, the bay mare snuffling sympathetically at her master's shoulder as she followed them.

Needless to say that Laura was profoundly embarrassed by this unexpected meeting. She rapidly calculated that at the pace they were walking it must be several minutes before they reached the house.

If only her companion would speak, the situation would be so much more horrible! To relieve the intolerable constraint, she turned slightly back and stroked the mare's soft nose.

"Poor Kitty, do you want some sugar?"

"She is getting used to doing without it," rejoined Mr. Croft, softly. "Like all pleasant things, the sugar didn't last long."

"I don't know what you mean," stammered Laura, flushing scarlet but assuming an air of dignified unconsciousness.

"Then you are rather wanting in your usual penetration to-day, Miss Leslie! I don't think my meaning was very obscure. I was only alluding to a recent personal experience."

Poor Laura was beside herself with annoyance at being drawn into such a discussion. She turned away her head, biting her lips to keep back bitter tears of mortification.

Mr. Croft, looking up suddenly, perceived her agitation and, completely misunderstanding its origin, was seized with compunction. This then was the explanation of her strange manner and inexplicable avoidance of his society.

Her character instantly acquired a new charm in his eyes, and the pathetic expression of wounded feeling which he fancied he read in her face added a singular charm to its ordinary calm prettiness.

"What a fool I am!" he ejaculated mentally; then aloud: "Forgive me, Miss Leslie. I never meant to distress you. I had no idea that you minded what I said. You are not angry with me."

Laura struggled hard to reply, but her wonted self-command completely forsook her. She could only drop her eyes helplessly beneath his keen glance. The childish misery of her quivering little mouth stirred Mr. Croft completely out of his indifferent attitude of critical admiration.

"Wait one moment, Laura," he exclaimed, seizing her firmly by the hand as she started back. "You must stop and hear me. I have made rather a mess of things in general, I am afraid, but if you will trust me, I know that I can make you happy——"

At this point Laura suddenly recovered her presence of mind, and abruptly terminated the interview by wrenching away her hand, and darting off across the lawn towards the house, never pausing to take breath until she found herself in her own room.

By this bold move Mr. Croft was left to the company of his mare, and felt, it must be owned, a trifle foolish. He considered for a moment what to do next. Pursuit was obviously impossible, as the most ardent lover would hesitate before dragging his horse across his prospective father-in-law's lawn, especially when the aforesaid lawn was overlooked by half a dozen windows.

And it would be misleading to describe Mr Croft as a very ardent lover. No man had ever started out with less intention of making an offer in the course of the afternoon.

A sudden impulse of affectionate pity had landed him in this novel position. Still he was a conscientious man, and quite aware that he had said either too much or too little.

"Poor little girl how shy she is!" he thought, as he softly reopened the gate he had just come through and slipped back into the wood. "Who would ever have imagined that she had so much feeling under her demure manner! But I should enjoy myself more if I had settled the affair straight off instead of having to begin again to-morrow."

Mr. Croft probably congratulated himself more than once, in after life, upon the fact that mortals are not always granted the immediate fulfilment of their wishes.

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Laura rose on the following morning feeling equally exhausted in body and mind—a not unusual result of a sleepless night devoted to meditation. Lamentable to relate, it was all so much time and energy wasted, for she had resolved upon nothing.

Mr. Croft's sudden development in the character of a lover had revealed many things to her understanding. Amongst others, the imminent risk she ran of falling away from her cherished ideal. She had broken down at the point where she deemed herself impregnable, and bid fair at this rate to swell the ranks of imbecile sentimentalists who marry for love to the exclusion of all other considerations. It was a desperate temptation to cast prudence and county society aside forever and to throw in her lot with the man who simply promised to make her happy.

Apart from his position, Mr. Croft was certainly nicer than anybody else. She had a melancholy conviction that she should never meet so many personal charms united to an appropriate social standing.

Still, poor Laura distinctly realized that it was a temptation to be fought against, and very bravely did she struggle with her inclinations. By the afternoon her mind was irrevocably made up, though the process had completely banished all pleasant anticipations of the impending party.

"If he were even a curate or a doctor, it would be a different thing," she thought; "but, as it is, he has literally no position. People might not even call on us. No, I could not stand it for any man. I may be miserable, but I shall not loose my self respect," she added, mechanically examining the back of her new hat in the glass. "No doubt my chance will come some day, and then I shall be rewarded for my prudence."

In the meantime she felt very wretched, and the reception awaiting her at the Hall was hardly calculated to dispel her gloomy thoughts.

Miss Coventry made an effective hostess. Perfectly dressed in a subtle combination of soft lace and muslin, which made every other garment present look commonplace or clumsy, she received her visitors with an indifferent dignity which at once repelled and fascinated Laura. In spite of rebuffs, she still admired her paragon inordinately, and would have enjoyed beyond measure behaving in exactly the same manner if she ever had the opportunity. Soured by all that she had lately gone through, Laura could imagine no bliss greater than that of ultimately climbing to a position from which she could look down with calm indifference on the perpetual struggle for precedence that went on around her. With that enviable coolness Miss Coventry ignored the superior claims to distinction of the little local dignitaries; regarding the whole scene from such a height that all petty inequalities were lost to sight. Laura never dreamed that in other scenes Miss Coventry herself might be reduced to pushing for a place like the most obsequious of her humble admirers. She concluded that the wearing struggle for recognition would cease when one was once assured of an acknowledged position in the county; a conclusion which amply proved her real ignorance of human nature.

On recalling this garden party in after years, Laura felt convinced that it had been one of the most unpleasant experiences of her life. She occupied an ambiguous position between the comfortably dowdy country neighbors, who, attired in their Sunday dresses, were exchanging profound confidences concerning the state of the barometer, and the group of personal friends who had rallied round Miss Coventry.

Now Laura had let it be generally understood that she was on a very intimate footing at the Hall. The neighbors commonly assumed that she and Miss Coventry were completely absorbed in each other's society, and, to say the least, she had taken no pains to correct this erroneous impression. It was therefore extremely mortifying that on the first opportunity that arose for demonstrating her superiority, she should find herself unmistakably excluded from her charmed circle. She felt indescribably annoyed at perceiving that her discomfiture was giving evident enjoyment to the surrounding spectators. For instance, the doctor's wife, a kind-hearted person, but not at all above human weaknesses, accosted her in a slightly patronizing manner that was directly traceable to her indifferent reception.

"I see you feel just as great a stranger as the rest of us," said Mrs. Hall, attempting at the same time to slip her arm through Laura's, a familiarity which the latter firmly resisted.

"It is the first time I have been inside the gates, and I mean to see all I can. Perhaps you know some of the visitors, and can tell me their names?"

Thus pressed, Laura was reluctantly forced to admit her ignorance, an admission which was followed by an increasing familiarity on Mrs. Hall's part.

"Never mind, my dear; we shall do very well, though they don't introduce us to all their grand friends! You keep close to me, and we shall be as independent as possible. Why, I do believe that is your friend, Mr. Croft, coming towards us!" broke in the old lady, in a tone of some excitement. "But of course you expected him!"

"Indeed I did not!" contradicted Laura, with rather excusable vehemance. Mrs. Hall had a way of putting things which at times was well nigh intolerable. Besides, the sight of Mr. Croft was in itself a shock. She had never pictured him at a garden-party, and felt a vague curiosity respecting his attitude towards the other guests. Although, with the aid of a white tulle veil and lace parasol, she contrived to conceal her excitement from observation, she was in reality trembling all over with contending emotions. Long before she had perfectly recovered her equinimity, Mr. Colt was standing beside them, smiling imperturbably at Mrs. Hall's patronising reception. The good lady's loudly-expressed astonishment at the unexpected meeting seemed to arouse in him no sense of irritation. He acquiesced cheerfully in her gushing admiration of all the arrangements. He even admitted with a suitable show of gratitude that it was wonderfully kind of Sir Gilbert to have sent him an invitation.

And Laura listened with ever-increasing disappointment. When she had first seen him advancing across the lawn, her heart had glowed with a sudden hope that after all she had been mistaken in her former estimate of his position. She would have willingly grasped at the faintest show of reason for reversing her decision.

If he could only have claimed acquaintance with any of the more distinguished guests, or even have shown a certain amount of lofty contempt for Mrs. Hall's ridiculous patronage, it would have told greatly in his favor. As it was, he did neither. Mrs. Hall's remarks were received with so much respectful attention, and he appeared so thoroughly satisfied with his present companions, that Laura, naturally judging from her own conduct under similar circumstances, felt more than ever convinced that she represented his only friend among the large gathering.

The fact that his conversation was unusually animated and amusing did not influence her feelings in the least. She had long since ceased to have any doubts respecting his personal attractions; what she in vain sighed for was some public recognition of his social importance. It is certain that by a few well-timed allusions and judicious references, Mr. Croft could have easily ensured his success with Laura. As it was, the origin of her perpetual vacillations never once struck him.

"All our instincts are different," thought Miss Leslie in despair. "I could never settle down quietly with a man who is perfectly contented to be seen with that horrid little woman all the afternoon, and who takes her offensive patronage as merely a matter of course!"

As if in corroboration of this theory, she heard Mr. Croft the next moment affirming that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to accompany Mrs. Hall on a tour of inspection round the garden.

"I quite agree with you that it would be best to investigate everything thoroughly now that we have the chance," he continued, smiling slightly at Laura, who instantly averted her head. "Surely you think so, too, Miss Leslie?"

"Go by all means, if it amuses you; I am much too tired to walk about," was the indifferent reply, uttered the more frigidly because at that moment a break in the crowd revealed Miss Coventry a few paces off, contemplating the trio with some interest.

"Too tired!" echoed Mr. Croft rather blankly. "But if you come this way we can find some seats under the cedars." Obviously the prospect of a solitary ram-

ble with Mrs. Hall was dampening even to his cheerful spirits. But Laura was firm in her resolution to remain near the band—listening to the music, she declared, tired her less than talking. She was not in the habit of wasting much sympathy over other people's petty annoyances, and it was with an unmitigated sense of relief that she at last saw Mr. Croft disappear among the trees.

Mrs. Hall was apparently much elated at securing a listener, and might be trusted not to relinquish him until she had imparted all the information she possessed regarding the history of those present. Laura had every reason to hope that she had seen the last of them both, for that day, at least. She was fast becoming irritable with annoyance, and felt a strange inclination to go home and cry comfortably, instead of running the chance of any further disappointments. A gleam of light broke through the clouds when Miss Coventry approached her, accompanied by an unknown gentleman.

"You are alone," she began, addressing Laura with an unusually gracious smile; "and Major Sutton knows nobody. I wish you would try and entertain each other. I am so sorry that I have to make myself generally useful to-day, and cannot devote myself to anyone in particular."

Now the Major was stout, and bald, and prosy: in short, he would have been pronounced detestable, coming from any other quarter. As it was, Laura greeted him with her sweetest smile, and ruthlessly compressed her muslin skirts to make room for him on the seat.

"Beautiful country, this of yours," he began, condescendingly, as if she ought to be personally indebted to him for the flattering admission. "But don't you find it a great bore being so many hours from town?"

She acquiesced plaintively, although in point of fact, she had never spent above a couple of days in London in London in her life, but she would have perished sooner than have admitted such a discreditable circumstance.

"But I suppose you find lots to do getting up school-treats and looking after the old women," continued her companion, with patronising kindness.

"Indeed, I don't!" flared up Laura, for once speaking the literal truth. "I don't go in for that sort of thing at all!"

"Really! I always imagined that young ladies in the country spent most of their time distributing cans of soup and collecting clothing club tickets. Do you actually mean to say you are an exception to the rule! Then may I ask who looks after these things; for I presume they flourish in your parish even though you hold yourself aloof from them?"

"The schoolmistress manages it, I suppose. I take no interest in such matters."

This conversation was by no means to Laura's taste. She began to dislike her companion and his tacit assumption that her interests must necessarily be confined to the working of small local charities merely because she had the misfortune to be a clergyman's daughter.

There were times when she regarded her position as a subject for sincere self-congratulation; when the old vicarage seemed but the natural stepping-stone to an episcopal palace and a vaguely glorious future. But to-day she had for the first time a mortifying consciousness that this was not the light in which it struck strangers. She immensely resented having the conversation adapted to what were conceived to be her legitimate interests.

Things were at a standstill. Laura was dying to acquire some information relative to the brilliant strangers who were staying at the Hall, but she was far too proud to ask any direct questions upon the subject. The conversation languished. Very shortly she was deserted by the stout gentleman, who always afterwards cited her as a notable example of the hopeless stolidity of even the prettiest provincial belles.

"She's very heavy," he remarked confidentially, on rejoining his hostess. I couldn't stand her for long—no fun at all, you know; I got nothing out of her."

"Really! But you can't expect anything! Being incontestably the best looking girl present, perhaps she thinks it unfair that she should also have to supply all the wit of the party!"

The upshot of this little skirmish was altogether advantageous to our heroine. Actuated by a noble spirit of opposition, Miss Coventry promptly invited her to join a select party that was starting to see the garden, and for the next hour she had the felicity of wandering through interminable greenhouses in the company of a deaf old lady and her daughters.

"But the great thing is to be seen with the right people," as Laura wisely reflected. And one's first conversation with a dowager countess certainly marks an era in one's life.

Miss Coventry was not of the party, having yielded easily to the old lady's representation that she ought to stay with the rest of the guests. Her absence facilitated an obviously prearranged scheme on the part of the visitors, who begged the gardener to give them "just" a root, a sucker, or a cutting of every plant of the least value.

"I am very fond of a garden," explained the old lady; "but I have no notion of giving ridiculous prices for new specimens, like some people! My plan is to collect a bit here and a bit there, as I go about. It's wonderful what it saves in the year, and it is so much more sensible!"

So thought Laura; but she had the wit to perceive that to conduct such a campaign with success one must first be a countess.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Evil Eye.

Of all men the actor is the most superstitious. The palm for being the most thoroughly impregnated with superstition has frequently been awarded to the sailor and the soldier; but, to those people who have had even a passing acquaintance with men and women of the theatrical profession, the assertion that any other class of human beings can be more superstitious than actors is beyond belief, for there is every evidence that the people of the stage are so thoroughly saturated with superstition that the surrounding air is laden with it in every shape and fancy, says the New York "Times."

There are superstitions in the profession clinging to supernumerary and star alike, which are unknown outside the profession.

A cross-eyed man could not find employment in any capacity within the walls of a theatre. If the rule should be relaxed, and a cross eyed stage carpenter or a property man should be engaged, he would be discharged the very moment the slightest ill-luck befel the company, for it would be his presence that brought misfortune. The actor or actress who has several times been in the cast of an unsuccessful play, is given the name of a Jonah, and ever after is regarded as sure to bring ill-luck to others.

It is a fact that many a promising actor has been obliged to leave his profession because he was tabooed as a Jonah, and made unwelcome wherever he went by his fellows of the profession. On the other hand, there are actors who are regarded as mascots, and cherished like gifted talismans.

The star who has happened to be housed in several hotels which has been visited by fire is called the "fire fiend," and houses in which they happen to put up, as well as theatres in which they appear, are given a wide berth when possible by all members of the profession.

Miss Kate Claxton, after the burning of the Brooklyn theatre, acquired this name, for she was playing an engagement there in "The Two Orphans," in the winter of 1876, when the terrible conflagration occurred.

The individual superstitions of certain prominent actors are often amusing and always ridiculous.

For instance, a great actor saw a load of hay on the afternoon of the day upon which he was to appear in a new play. He was successful, and ever after insisted upon having provided for him a load of hay upon which to wish before entering the theatre on the first night of a new play. He happened to be successful with all his new plays, and attributed his success not only to his own talent but mostly to the fact that he had made a wish upon a load of hay.

If one new play had been a failure there is no doubt the hay would have lost its virtue and been discarded as an evil worker.

Edwin Booth was regarded as a man of good common sense, yet he would never sleep in a room in a hotel with an odd number.

His great friend, Lawrence Barrett, had a lasting prejudice against people who had many "8's" in their names, and always made up his company, so far as possible, with men and women in whose names the objectionable letter did not appear.

His friends attributed this prejudice of Barrett's surely strong enough to be style i superstition, to the fact that his own name —O'Shaughnessy — had so many "S's" in it.

The fast friend of Forrest and great tragedian, John McCullough, had a superstition concerning the manner of putting on his shirt and other apparel, for he would never permit his dresser to put any garment over his head.

This was only one of the many superstitions which governed the life of an otherwise sane man, but this one was very inconvenient at times, and caused much trouble in the making of his garments.

John T. Raymond always regarded a red-headed woman with extreme horror. To meet a red-headed woman on the day of the production of a new play was, to him, an omen of bad luck, and he has been known to remain in the house all day in order not to be exposed to the superstion.

There was one funny superstition which held poor J. K. Emmet to the day of his death and made him appear very ridiculous at times, as he was very fain to keep it to himself, instead of explaining his action. If he was going up or coming down stairs and another person attempted to pass him on the flight he would always go back and start over again, no matter what his hurry might be. In a crowded hotel one may imagine how many times he may have turned in descending several flights of stairs and how laborious his journey.

Nat Goodwin certainly is a man of good sense and no one, to look at him, would suppose that he has a pet superstition, yet he has, for he considers it good luck to meet a gray horse in the morning.

The well-known James Lewis has been known to carry in his pocket a small shoe for a mascot, and will never play a new part nor indulge in a game of cards without having that mascot in his pocket, although the record does not say that he always wins. He found this shoe many years ago and has ever since regarded it as a talisman.

Tom Whiffen always said that he owed his success to his knowledge of music, and that if he had a musical entrance in sharps he was all right, but let the band get into flats when he entered and he was sure of his effort falling flat on the audience, although that audience never noticed the difference in the key.

QUEER SETTLEMENT.—On the broad, brown salt meadows that skirt the Housatonic River, just above its mouth, is a vast colony of marsh wrens.

In the acres of tangled tules and cat-tails the nests, which are as large as one's head, are so compactly constructed and so thoroughly thatched as to be entirely watertight. As a rule the thrifty little chattering wrens prefer not to occupy a last year's nest, so there are every season hundreds of empty ones. They are not allowed to remain vacant very long, for there are too many creatures seeking just such snug quarters. One specimen of field or meadow mice take possession of a great many of them. Big spiders, too, love to nest in the abandoned basketlike abodes, and live for many seasons in them. The most desirable tenants of all are the big black and white hornets. By far the greater number of the old nests are inhabited by these fiery fellows, and, odd to relate, they are the best of friends with the landlords.

As if by agreement with the wrens, they keep a perpetual guard over the new nests, as well as those where they live. Let a dog, an unconscious rail or snipe shooter, a bird-egging boy, or any creature whatever approach the nests without warning, a cohort of winged warriors will fall on the intruder, and flight is the only safe course.

The wrens seem fully conscious of the value of such sentiments, for they take care to build their new nests always very near to the old. The birds are themselves entirely defenseless, and, their nests being easily located on account of size and the noise made by the wrens, they have been in some localities entirely wiped out by egg-collectors. The boys have learned to give this colony a wide berth.

WHILE there is so much misery and sin in the world, a man has no right to lull himself to sleep in a paradise of self-improvement and self-enjoyment, in which there is but one supreme Adam, one perfect specimen of humanity, namely, himself. He ought to go out and work—fight, if it must be—wherever duty calls him. The life of action is nobler than the life of thought.

THE average weight of the Chinese brain is greater than that of the average brain of any other people.

At Home and Abroad.

Lunacy is on the increase in England, according to the report of the British Commissioners on Lunacy, issued recently. The total number of inmates, idiots and persons of unsound mind was, on January 1 of this year, 94,081, an increase of 2014 over the number for the proceeding year. The increase was confined almost wholly to the pauper class, and is due, apparently it is said, to the more general reception in asylums of cases of simple mental decay, resulting from extreme old age.

Some of the masculine residents of Vinal Haven, Maine, have a new plan for keeping themselves occupied and amused during the coming winter. They have formed a Marine Club, which starts with eight charter members. Each pledges himself to design and build a novel craft to be controlled by mechanical power only—the methods and materials employed in construction to be kept secret each from the other, until the exhibition and trial race, which has been appointed for some day in June, 1896.

The most crowded spot on the earth's surface is that portion of the city of Valletta, Island of Malta, known as the "Manderaggio." In the whole of Valletta the proportion is 75,000 human beings to the square mile, but in the Manderaggio there is one locality in which there are 2574 persons living on a plot of ground less than two acres and a half in extent. This would give no less than 626,000 persons to the square mile, or 1017.6 to the acre. In Liverpool, the most crowded city in Britain, the most dense portions have only 116.4 to the acre.

An Alabama paper says that an enterprising Yankee book agent is making a barrel of money in Alabama. He came from Connecticut, and has been selling books chiefly to negroes. He soon came to appreciate the enthusiasm of the negro in matters of religion. He found that in all the illustrated Bibles the pictures of the angels were in white, and he conceived the idea of having a Bible made for the colored race filled to overflowing with pictures of negro angels. The books cost him about $1.10, but he placed the first large shipment at $8 each, payable $2.50 cash, the balance in monthly payments. He is selling the Bibles as fast as he can get them delivered.

The Watchman, of Boston, says the notion "that Sunday laws are of Puritan origin betrays a disposition to make a point rather than accurate historical knowledge. The Huguenots from France enacted them in South Carolina, and the Cavaliers from the Court of Charles I in Virginia. The very first statute passed by the Cavaliers of Virginia provided that he who did not attend church on Sunday should pay a fine of two pounds of tobacco. This was the first law ever enacted in the United States, and was passed in 1617, three years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. It would be no discredit to the Puritans if we could trace our Sunday legislation to them, but they are not entitled to that honor."

Sad experience has evidently taught the disjointed fragments of the erst while Federation of Central America and the truth of the proverb that "in unity there is strength." The agitation for union has been sustained for some time in Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador; but without the adhesion of the richest and most populous of the five Isthmian States, Costa Rica and Guatemala, the realization of the dream of a United Central American Republic seemed dubious. The mutual treatises, however, just concluded between the five Isthmian sisters providing for interstate free trade, an offensive and defensive alliance and a consolidated diplomatic and consular service, and in the negotiation of which the leading State of Guatemala took the initiative, contain a good promise of ultimate union. This unusual unanimity of action by the five Republics is a gratifying first step toward a new and, let us hope, permanent reorganization of the United States of Central America.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Our Young Folks.

SEA KINGS.

BY O. L. B.

NO one is supposed to spin better yarns than Jack when he comes ashore, and seeing that he has sailed most of the seas of the globe in the course of his life, it would be singular if he had not many a strange story to tell.

But the odd thing is that no one seems to be expected to believe that a sailor's yarn is anything else but a pure invention, the wonders being laid on as thickly as may be necessary to satisfy the appetite of the greedy land-lubber, listening with open mouth and staring eyes.

Yet sometimes Jack is only guilty of exaggeration. There may be a solid foundation of fact for the marvellous structure reared upon it. This is now known to have been the case with the monster, huge and hideous, that was once mysteriously spoken of as a terror of the ocean.

And, no doubt, the first accounts of the gigantic cuttle fish favored fiction rather than fact. The ancients had stories of monstrous creatures that used to leave the sea of a night, and carry off barrels of salted fish stored on shore, and of other extraordinary beings, of the vastness of islands, on whose backs there was room for a whole regiment of soldiers. To give this fabulous animal a name, it was called the Kraken, and it usually was found in Arctic waters.

At last, to poke fun at the gullibility of the public, it occurred to an ingenious Frenchman, named Denis de Montfort, who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century, to go one better than the Kraken, and so he invented a colossal cuttle fish.

"In a drawing," wrote the late Mr. Henry Lee, the well-known naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium—who took the Parisian somewhat too gravely, however—"fitter to decorate the outside of a showman's caravan at a fair than seriously to illustrate a work on natural history," De Montfort represented an awful monster clasping in its deadly embrace the whole hull of a big ship, and coiling an arm as thick as a python round each of the three masts to its very top.

De Montfort as good as admitted he was joking, for he told a friend that if people swallowed his strangled ship he would make his colossal cuttle enfold the Strait of Gibraltar and capsize a whole fleet. And this he proceeded to do.

He declared that the vessels captured by Admiral Rodney in his fight with the French off the island of St. Domingo, on the 12 h of April, 1782, had thus perished, together with the British ships in charge of them. His story was that on the night after the battle, signals of distress were made by Ville de Paris, the finest of the prizes.

Nine men-of war at once went to her help, and, with her, were drawn beneath the waves by immense cuttles. The tale, of course, was imagination from beginning to end. Its absurdity, indeed, ought to have been obvious to any person of ordinary common sense.

A retired sea captain, living at Dunkirk, informed De Montfort that on one of his voyages, his ship lying becalmed off the western coast of Africa, his crew were ordered to scrape and paint her. Whilst three of the men were thus engaged a huge cuttle rose from the sea, picked up two of them in its arm, and attempted to seize the third, whose cries fetched the rest of his mates to his aid.

They chopped off the creature's arm, but its victim died mad next night, while the other two were conveyed below by the giant. The arm measured twenty feet in length, and its suckers were as large as saucepan lids. Mr. Lee allows that the captain's story was likely to be true, but that it had been touched up by De Montfort.

About the middle of this country, however, all doubt as to the existence of such a marine monster had to yield to indisputable facts.

On the last day of November, 1861, while the French steamer Alecton was on her way from Madeira to Teneriffe, she fell in with a creature that caused the sailors to stare and gasp. The captain, however, thought that some effort should be made to catch an animal that was evidently rare, and so several shots were fired at it. But not a bullet would bide in the glue-like flesh. They all passed through it, leaving the creature not a penny the worse.

Guns were useless; they tried the harpoon, but it is hard to get the weapons to catch. They might just as well have attempted to get a fish-hook to hold in a "shape" of calf's foot jelly. At last one harpoon did bite a little, and the crew managed to fasten a rope around the lower part of the creature's body.

The moment they began to haul in the rope, however, it cut into the flesh, and divided the animal into two portions. The head with the great gl ring glassy eyes, huge arms, and enormous tentacles, slipped into the sea and paddled off, while the tail end was hoisted on board.

Although the sailors were anxious to chase the trunkless head, the captain forbade pursuit, thinking enough had been done for glory and for science, and fearing lest the gruesome looking object might upset the small boat and destroy his men's lives. This gigantic cuttle fish was the color of red brick. Its body was twenty feet long at least, and its arms were guessed to be six feet in length; but according to the French account the animal was more than double this size.

Twelve years later a couple of Newfoundland fishers seeing a huge mass floating in the sea, rowed up to it, thinking it might be some cargo from a wreck. One of them struck at it with his boat-hook, when the object suddenly became very much alive indeed. Out of the water there rose a head, with enormous staring eyes and a mouth of the shape of a parrot's beak. The owner of these features threw a few of its arms over the boat, with the design of drawing it into its fatal clutch.

The poor men were at first too horrified to move, but when they realized their danger they chopped off with an axe the two arms that lay across the gunwale, whereupon the cuttle deemed it prudent to retire, make escape all the easier by discoloring the water for some two hundred yards around with the ink squirted out of the bag where fluid is made and stored. One of the seized arms was lost, but the other measured nineteen feet. Professor Verrill estimated that the creature must have been sixty feet long, including its arms.

Curiously enough, little more than three months afterwards—January 31 1874, namely—another of the monsters was captured off the shores of Newfoundland—England's oldest colony. Being entangled in a herring-net, the whole animal was secured; but such was its size, the three fishermen had to cut off its head to get their prize into their boat.

The Rev. Mr. Harvey, a Presbyterian minister in St. John's, purchased the carcass from the owners, and carefully examined it. He found the two big arms, or tentacles, were twenty four feet in length, the eight short arms being each six feet long. All these arms bore from eighty to one hundred suckers apiece.

The fate of the giant's victims may be imagined. It must be maddening to any human being to feel the folds of the eight clammy arms "creeping and gliding around you"—to use Mr. Harvey's very words—"and the eight hundred discs [suckers], with their cold adhesive touch, glueing themselves to you with a grasp which nothing could relax, and feeling like so many mouths devouring you at the same time. Slowly the horrible arms, supple as leather, strong as steel, and cold as death, draw their prey under the horrible beak, and press it against the glutinous mass which forms the body."

In the far East the power and the will of the cuttle to destroy ships and their crews are matters of popular belief. Mr. Lee was once told by a friend that he saw in a shop in China the picture of a cuttle fish "embracing a junk apparently of about 300 tons burden, and helping itself to the sailors, as one picks gooseberries off a bush."

The late Mr. Laurence Oliphant, in one of his visits to a Japanese show, saw a group of life-sized figures carved in wood and cleverly colored, representing a number of women surprised by a cuttle whilst bathing in the sea. One of the poor women was already in the monster's grasp, while the rest were fleeting, without offering the smallest attempt to release their fellow-creature.

When West and East thus testify, ill must fare the person that would seek to pooh-pooh the existence of these ghastly giants of the briny deep.

WHAT IS "FETCHING THE FARM"?—"Fetching the farm" is a term used by criminals for entering the prison infirmary by means of their own cunning or daring. The loftiest ambition of a hardened criminal appears to be to "fetch the farm," and it is remarkable to what a dangerous extremity a man will sometimes go to attain this end.

"Shamming" is of no avail, and every experienced prisoner knows as much. When a convict pleads "sick" the prison-surgeon is called to him and the true state of his health is declared. Therefore he must go farther, and by some means cause his health to fail.

Prisoner have been known to break off a piece of the handle of a mug and swallow it, which in a very short time causes them such illness as to necessitate their going to the infirmary. They will swallow almost anything portable to reach this delightful place: pins, when they can be procured, are in great favor.

A prisoner at Pentonville managed by deceiving his jailer to keep the wooden spoon which had been given him with his dinner, and with a patience worthy of a higher aim, ground it down to a sharp point with which he cut and cut at his knee until a large wound had been made. He said nothing of the wound until it had festered, when he sent for the surgeon and "fetched the farm" for a couple of months.

It does not always occur that the ways of these wretched men end as they would wish. Another man at the prison just mentioned managed to snatch a large shawl-pin from a lady who was visiting him.

When the interview was at an end and he had returned to his cell, at the cost of some painful labor he succeeded in working the pin—which was nearly an inch and three-quarters in length—under the flesh on his chest. Unfortunately for him, he had not anticipated what the final result might be, and though he "fetched the farm" for a fairly long period, he entered only to leave for the grave. The pin had worked itself into the unfortunate fellow's lung and torn it to strings, which caused his death.

A prisoner will sometimes scrape the whitewash off the walls of his cell and take it with his water. This generally succeeds in getting him a week on the "farm."

Again, a very popular mode of reaching this desirable Elysium is to bring about blood poisoning. Some men will scratch their skin until the blood issues, and will then rub in some poisonous matter which is procured in some unknown way. A prisoner carried this out recently so successfully that his leg had to be amputated. He was on the "farm" three of the four months he was incarcerated.

QUEER FINDS ON THE RAILWAY.—"Occasionally our men find some strange articles on the line," remarked a railway official. "Money, important documents, and even jewelry is often picked up amongst the rubbish that accumulates on the main track.

"Just before Christmas a platelayer unearthed a dirty, greasy looking packet underneath a rain-sodden newspaper. It contained a number of Peruvian bonds worth $15,000. The owner had evidently dropped them out of the car by mistake. They were afterwards reclaimed. The person to whom they belonged was on his way to New York and didn't discover his loss till he got to Queenstown. He offered a handsome reward for their safe return and was very pleased when they were handed back to him.

"A curious discovery was made one day outside Rugby. It consisted of a live tortoise. The creature had been wandering about that part of the line for nearly a month. A label, to which was affixed the name and address of the owner, was fastened round its neck. Its owner rewarded the finder with $25, and stated that the tortoise was nearly 100 years old.

"One would scarcely think a couple of white mice imprisoned in a small box could survive the shock of passing traffic. These little creatures belonged to a naturalist in Liverpool who accidentally lost them on the line between Stafford and Crewe.

"At some seaports contraband articles of small compass are frequently found hidden beneath the sleepers on the line. At one spot no less than 500 cigars were discovered recently. Of course, under these circumstances, the articles are handed over to the Custom House authorities.

"The values of these finds varies. Ignoring exceptional cases the average is probably about $15 000 a year. A very small percentage remain unclaimed."

NEVER compare thy condition with those above thee; but to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition.

In cases where dandruff, scalp diseases, falling and grayness of the hair appear, do not neglect them, but apply a proper remedy and tonic like Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The Sultan's jewels are worth $40,000,000.

England's annual rum bill is $900,000,000.

Blue-eyed cats are said by Darwin to be always deaf.

If a crawfish loses an eye, a new one will grow in its place.

Twenty eight fish were found in a can of milk in New York recently.

Bill Cook, the Oklahoma desperado, is writing a book, called "Men I Have Killed."

Another man has been sent to prison in New Jersey for a long term of imprisonment for stealing a bicycle.

It costs $1,000,000 a day to run the Government of the United States. Pensions absorb about half this sum.

In many parts of China paper shirts are used by the natives. They are said to be much warmer in cold weather than cotton.

The kangaroo is said to be threatened by extinction as the result of the popularity of its leather for shoe making purposes.

A year old baby recently died from nicotine poisoning. It had a pipe to play with for a short time and must have put it in its mouth.

The printing ink used on the Bank of England notes is made from naphtha smoke. It was formerly manufacture from grape-stone charcoal.

In 1894 550,000,000 pounds of coffee were imported into this country. In the same year 30,000,000 pounds of tea were brought from the East.

Christmas trees by the hundreds are being marked for harvest in Maine. In a few weeks the crop will be started toward New York and other big cities.

The hookah, or Oriental State pipe, is deemed of such importance that in the courts of princes a special functionary has no other duty than to keep it in order.

Bank note paper is made of the best quality of linen rags, the linen being purchased in bolts and cut up by machinery for the purpose of making pulp.

China is about to establish a new foreign university at Tientsin, where science, civil, electrical and mechanical engineering, mining and law will be taught by foreign professors.

In Holland it is customary, when there is infectious disease in a house, to notify the fact to intending visitors and the public generally by tying a piece of white rag round the bell handle.

The citizens of Antwerp pride themselves on possessing the best breed of the carrier pigeon, and will not only take great pains in teaching them, but give very high prices for good birds

The "Life Tree" of Jamaica is harder to kill than any other species of woody growth known to arboriculturists. It continues to grow and thrive for months after being uprooted and exposed to the sun.

At the Saco, Me., Baptist Church last Sunday a collection, each one present to give as many cents as the person was years old, was solicited. The money could be enclosed in an envelope and the giver's name need not be divulged.

A female codfish will lay as many as forty-five million eggs during a single season. Piscatorial authorities declare that were it not for the work of the natural enemies of fish they would in time fill all the available space in the seas, rivers, and oceans.

The balloon expedition to the North Pole, which will take place under the auspices of the King of Sweden, in 1896, is progressing favorably. The balloon will be filled in one of the Islands northwest of Spitzbergen, and weighted to float 900 feet high.

In Norway there is at present considerable speculation in waterfalls, which are purchased for their water-power rather than for scenic purposes. The fall at Rafos, for instance, on the river Kniva, was recently disposed of for $75,000. It will be used by an aluminum factory.

Potatoes are so plentiful and so unprofitable at ruling prices in North Dakota that a farmer of Grand Forks has announced that he will not dig the large quantities he has, and has invited his neighbors to help themselves and take all they care for the trouble of digging and carrying them away.

A horse which had been worked at the Merrill slate quarry in Brownville, Me., for many years, hauling the cars of slate and refuse from the pit, has learned to count. If only four loaded cars are in his train he will pull the load; but when he sees any larger number behind him he will refuse, and no amount of urging will persuade to bend to his task.

Miss Foster, a school teacher at Pecatonica, Illinois, severely whipped a pupil recently because the odor of onions was on his breath. The children of the school promptly rebelled against the introduction of the rod as punishment for eating onions, and all have eaten raw onions at every school-day meal since. The parents of the children have taken up the cause, and now nearly all the inhabitants of the town are eating onions.

THE PAST.

BY W. W. L.

I have buried the beautiful past away,
And set on its grave a seal;
My heart I have locked in a casket of iron,
To me there's naught that's real.

A dead rose marks its resting place,
From a love that passed it by,
Where out of the shadows rises a face
That was a beautiful lie.

ANIMALS IN ITALY.

The Italian is passionately fond of all animals, except, perhaps, the horse and donkey, the most useful of all to man. That one who is so cruel to the nobler animal should be so fond of those of lesser intelligence is strange yet true. Everywhere in Italy, even in the grand and somber cathedrals, one finds the cats. Petted and pampered in my lady's boudoir or sharing the scanty morsel of the starving peasant, it is cherished with affection.

The small boy and his tin can have no terrors for it, and it wanders about wherever it will without fear. A favorite place is in the churches, where, curled up on a bench where the rainbow tints from a stained-glass window fleck his tawny hide with color, he gravely watches the priests officiating at the altar.

These petted and pampered specimens of the feline race often attain a great age. There was one I knew who had reached the age of 24. He was very fragile and infirm and required the services of a special maid to attend him.

In Florence, near the church of San Lorenzo, there is a special asylum for cats. It was founded by a lady who desired that all the homeless, lost, forlorn cats of the city should find a home here instead of at the bottom of the cold flowing Arno. Here any one comes who wants a cat, permanently or temporarily, and the prices are moderate, as a "comfortable home is more to be desired than a salary."

There is a legend that at noon all the feline strays and waifs of the city are fed in the courtyard of San Lorenzo. There I lingered until the noon hour one day, thinking it would be an interesting sight to see the cats "from every roof and arch and parapet wall, mewing, hissing and screaming, rush down to devour" the broken meats and scraps of vegetables thrown to them. What I saw was three amiable, sleek old cats calmly dispose of some bits of meat thrown to them by the church caretaker.

But if cats enjoy the care and affection of the Florentines so also do dogs. It was here in the Boboli gardens that the emperor Francis II. was wont to send his dogs for an airing. They were decked out in all the finery of lace frills, ear-rings and rosettes and attracted a great deal of attention. The puppies were carried in baskets lined with white satin.

But although the Italian may be as fond of the canine race as of the feline, yet there are few dogs to be seen in Italy. The tax is high, being $6 in some cities, so that very few can afford the luxury of a dog, and the graceful Italian grey-hound is often seen far oftener in other lands than in its native country. There is a law, which is strictly enforced, that no dog can go upon the streets unmuzzled.

With the pigeons in St. Mark's square every one who has been in Venice or read of Venice is familiar. For 1,000 years they have flourished there, their origin having started from the custom of the priest liberating pigeons from St. Mark's on Palm Sunday.

These pretty, innocent birds were fettered and bound with flimsy strips of paper to impede their flight. The hapless ones who were not strong enough to burst their bonds, fell to the ground, when they were captured by the peasants and fattened for their Easter dinner. Those which escaped found shelter and safety beneath the eaves of St. Mark's and the Doge's palace. They were considered sacred and fed at the cost of the community. During the revolution they were neglected and thousands of them perished. Now they are supported by the bequest of a kind-hearted woman. Though the pigeons of St. Mark's are treated with so much affection and kindness, this cannot be said of all the feathered tribes in Italy, for birds of every size and color are slaughtered, even to the tiniest, which finds a place in the pot-au-feu.

It is no unusual sight in Italy to meet goats climbing up and down the stairs, even of the loftiest buildings, in the early morning hours. This is done that they may be milked in the presence of the customers, thus insuring the unadulterated article to consumers.

In one of the Italian journals recently appeared a remarkable paragraph. In one of the provinces the goats had done considerable damage to some crops. The communal authorities thereupon promulgated an order that the goats should have their teeth pulled. An individual was found to perform the required dentistry. But one of the proprietors of the goats refused to submit to this barbarity to the poor beasts, whereupon the authorities forbade him to conduct his goats to the pasture in the communal fields and woods. The humane citizen went to law and won the case.

The cricket is an odd thing to have for a pet, and yet there are shops in Venice where they are sold in tiny cages. Entering one of these shops in the evening one is treated to a regular cricket concert. In Venice also one will often see low marble basins placed in many streets and daily replenished with fresh water for dogs and chickens to quench their thirst.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN A DARWINITE.—David Crockett once visited a menagerie at Washington, and, pausing a moment before a particularly hideous monkey, exclaimed:

"What a resemblance to the Hon. Mr. X.!"

The words were scarcely spoken, when he turned and, to his astonishment, saw standing at his side the very man whom he had complimented.

"I beg your pardon," said the gallant Colonel; "I would not have made the remark had I known you were near me, and I am ready to make the most humble apology for my unpardonable rudeness; but"—looking first at the insulted member of Congress, whose face was anything but lovely, and then at the animal compared to him—"hang it if I can tell whether I ought to apologize to you or to the monkey!"

Grains of Gold.

Unless we think more than we talk, we talk too much.

Bad men always hate the laws that good men would enforce.

Any fool can ask questions, but only wisdom can answer them.

It is hard to convince a bilious man that the world is growing better.

The man who has an appetite for glory will starve to death in looking for it.

The right kind of religion never has to go away from home to find something to do.

When a man feels the need of economy, he is apt to think it should begin with his wife.

Although Methusalah lived to be the oldest of men, he never did anything worth naming.

If we would be more careful where we step, those who follow us wouldn't stumble so much.

Will our names upon our gravestones be nothing more than names to those who read them?

While some people are watching for stumbling blocks ahead, they fall down right where they stand.

The man who tries to defend himself by saying that he gives as much as somebody else, knows that he isn't giving enough.

Femininities.

"I hear your husband enjoys poor health." Yes. He's a doctor, you know."

The women of Morocco never celebrate their birthdays, and few of them know their ages.

In civilized countries the average age at which women marry is twenty-three and a half years.

An association to enable Mohammedan widows to secure second husbands has been formed in Turkey.

"Wasn't the bride delightfully timid?" "Very. She was even shy ten years ago when it came to giving her age."

It is strange that we throw away without compunctions the old brush and comb when we find it hard to part with them.

A New York woman complains that a bride and groom living in the same house disturbed the neighborhood by kissing each other.

Out of 1,000 men who marry, 332 marry wives younger than themselves, 579 marry women of the same age, and 89 marry older women.

You can't get credit for anything you do in this world. It is becoming the fashion to remove the cards from wedding presents and nobody knows what you gave.

Muggins: "I paid $1.50 to see your wife's hat last night." Buggins: "What are you talking about?" Muggins: "Fact. I sat right behind her at the theatre."

Francis I. Leo X. and Charles V. of Spain all owned vineyards in the champagne country. Henry VIII. had his own vineyard in France, and his own manager to see that he was not cheated.

On the day when the Queen gave Lord Rosebery the insignia of the Order of the Thistle, she also gave a silver medal to Edwin Miller, her chief coachman, in recognition of his 37 years of faithful service.

"Julia, my little cherub, when does your sister Emma return?" Julia: "I don't know." "Didn't she say anything before she went away?" Julia: "She said if you came to see her, that she'd be gone till doomsday."

First Policeman: "I wonder who left this poor horse uncovered in the rain?" Second ditto: "Why, that's Mr. Goodheart's horse. He's presiding at a meeting of the Anti-Cruelty to Animals Society in the hall upstairs."

She: No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased. He, pleadingly: But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie. She: Yes, I know, that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to.

When an English admiral is on board a ship, a square flag is substituted for the pennant. A flag at the mainmast indicates a full admiral; one at the fore, a vice, and at the mizzen, a rear. The color of the flag is according to the squadron the officer belongs to—red, white and blue.

Ex-mayor Pike, of Alton, Ill., is going to erect a monument on the spot where Abraham Lincoln and James Shields met September 23, 1842 to fight a duel, but thought better of it. The quarrel arose over satirical articles contributed to a Springfield paper by Miss Mary Todd, then engaged to Lincoln.

In London tattooing is becoming the fad of many of the women of light and leading. Lady Randolph Churchill is one of the pictorially punctured. A finely tattooed serpent is traced on her arm in green, red and blue, but its presence is usually concealed by a broad gold bracelet. Just why this form of decoration appeals to the feminine fancy has not as yet been divulged.

The society of a woman of virtue and understanding produces a polish more perfect and pleasing than that received from a general commerce with the world. The heart itself is moulded, habits of undissembled courtesy are formed; a certain flowing urbanity is acquired; vildest passions, rash oaths, contempts, indelicate language of every kind, are precluded and disrelished. Understanding and virtue, by being often contemplated in the most engaging lights, have a sort of assimilating power.

Mme. Deschamps, oldest of the Paris market women, is dead, at the age of 94. She supplied the Tuileries with vegetables in the days of Charles X and Napoleon III, and she had the impression for years that the Emperor was in love with her. To Mme. Deschamps was attributed the invention of Julienne soup, or at least of the practice of chipping the vegetables used in that soup. Though a famous character, she was buried without any funeral honors from her associates.

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be devoted to one another." "Large family! Devoted!" gasped the old gentleman, in amazement. "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?" "Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through the glasses; "no fewer than eleven of Kate's brothers have been here this winter to take her to the theatre, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow."

Masculinities.

Lord Wolseley can not enter a room where a cat is without uncomfortable sensations.

The Duke of Marlborough has $100,000 a year, but out of it he spends little more than $40,000 on his personal expenses.

C. J. Jones, a negro lawyer, of Greenville, Miss., has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Court dress in Berlin is to be modelled on the Venetian costumes of the renaissance. The deputies will appear as Venetian Senators.

Elsie: "I always knew he was too timid to propose." Alice: "But he got married a short timid ago." Elsie: "Yes; but that's nothing; he only married a widow."

Bridegroom, who is receiving his bride's dowry: "Ten dollars are still wanting." Father-in-law: "What? Oh, my daughter swallowed that ten dollars when she was a child."

The infant King of Spain recently sent the Pope a formal letter, the first he had ever written. It was in answer to a letter the Pope had sent the little King on his first communion.

At Hobeneibe, in Bohemia, a man met with a strange death last winter. As he was passing a house a long, sharp, heavy icicle fell from the eaves, and, piercing his hat, entered the brain. Death was instantaneous.

Emperor William has added a new uniform to his polychromatic wardrobe. The Emperor of Austria has made him a General of Austrian Cavalry. Scarlet clothes with white dolman is the garb William is entitled to use in this position.

Prince Bismarck received about 218,000 postal cards from as many admirers congratulating him on his eightieth birthday. These cards have a total weight of 1320 pounds, and piled up in one column would reach a height of 150 feet.

Since the ladies have stopped wearing bangs "Tommy Atkins" has taken up the practice, and is greatly grieved because the army authorities do not approve of it. The Colonel of an English regiment nearly caused a mutiny recently by sending a barber along the ranks to shear the obnoxious forelocks of the men.

At the National Institute for the Blind, in France, cycling is one of the amusements. A species of home trainer is provided, on which the inmates of the institution ride. The wheels are so arranged that the actual speed is indicated on a dial, so that races are held and some of the inmates have established records.

Senior partner: "Look here, Mr. Sheeply, the first of last month you came to me and said you were thinking seriously of getting married, and, on the strength of that, I gave you a rise in your salary. What's the matter? Aren't you going to get married?" Sheeply: "No, sir. I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't."

One of the stories told of Russell Sage is that when a thief one dropped a bill near him in order to draw his attention from counting some money he had drawn at a bank, Mr. Sage put his foot on the bill, thanked his informant, finished his count, stored his own money securely away, and then smilingly put the thief's bill also in his pocket.

The London "Gentlewoman" has discovered that the original name of the Vanderbilts was Jan Derbilt. It also assumes that about 200 years ago an ancestor of the present Vanderbilts was a corporal in William III's Guards, at the time when the then Earl of Marlborough was confined in the Tower of London for some petty offence against the sovereign. Thus, according to the "Gentlewoman," the Duke of Marlborough has married into a family an ancestor of which was, in a sense, a comrade at arms of one of his own ancestors.

One morning a banker stepped into his office and most effusively greeted his book keeper, who had entered his services just twenty five years before, at the same time handing him a close envelope, with the remark: "This is to serve you as a memento of the present occasion." The grateful recipient did not venture at first to open the envelope, until encouraged to do so by a nod and a smile from his employer. And what do you think it contained? The banker's photograph—that, and nothing more. The bookkeeper was dumb. "Well, what do you think of it?" his principal inquired. "It's just like you," was the reply.

A Minister of the Interior in Germany who was fond of boasting of his numerous olive branches, arrived, whilst traveling, at a small town in a mountainous district, where he came across a forester, whom he invited to dinner. "Are you aware," he said jovially, "that you are dining with the most abundantly-blessed father of a family in all Prussia?" "Am I indeed?" exclaimed the man. "May I ask how many children your Excellency has?" "Four-and-twenty," was the proud reply. "In that case," said the forester, "may I request you to stay over to-morrow and stand godfather to my twenty-fifth?" His Excellency's face fell; but he complied with the request of his rival, who had beaten him by one.

Latest Fashion Phases.

An exceedingly stylish walking costume is made with a wide flaring skirt of mauve cloth. A band of black velvet ribbon ornaments the skirt on either side of the front gore, extending from the waist to within ten inches of the edge, where it is finished by a round bow of the same.

The fitted cloth bodice is made without darts, the fullness being drawn under a pointed belt of black velvet. This bodice is enriched by a pointed yoke of white guipure lace, mounted on mauve satin. Four rounded tabs of black velvet are arranged on either shoulder, thus producing the effect of slashed epaulettes. The collar band is made of black velvet. The gigot sleeves are quite plain.

The smart little jacket of black velvet is close fitting, with a double breasted front and fluted basques. The upper part of the right side of the front is lined with chinchilla fur, and turned back to form a pointed rever. This jacket is invisibly fastened under the rever from the neck to the bust, but is buttoned on the left side of the front from the bust to the waist by three handsome buttons, with an enamel centre, surrounded with diamonds. The high fur collar is a novel fluted shape. The new sleeve is cut very full at the elbow, and is adorned at the wrist by a flaring cuff of the chinchilla fur. This jacket is lined throughout with mauve and black broche silk.

A large black velvet hat has a plaited crown of mauve cloth, and is trimmed in black ostrich tips and bows of mauve satin ribbon.

Another chic gown is fashioned in deep green broadcloth, and trimmed with black and gold braid and ruby velvet. The full skirt is garnished at the foot by a graceful design, which is carried out in black and gold braid.

The most fascinating gowns for evening and for bridesmaids at a full-dress wedding are made of flowered satins with a Louis XVI. coat, or a long-pointed waist, with full paniers on the skirt and close sleeves with a full short puff at the top. China silks, which are not so expensive, are very popular for evening gowns, and make very good copies of the old time dresses. A waist which can be worn with a last season's skirt, especially if it is white, is made of white China silk scattered over with fine, creamy lace. Another combination for extending the usefulness of an old skirt is a bodice of white mousseline de soie striped with narrow black lace insertion. Black velvet jet applique forms a band around the decollete neck, and turquoise blue satin sleeves give the touch of color.

Hat pins are growing in elaborateness and expensiveness every day. Every conceivable design is made in rhinestones, silver, steel, gilt, gold and even jewels. A round ball seems the favorite conceit, and very effective it is in rhinestones, steel or what is called agate—a transparent blue glass, set with miniature jewels. The most useful and inexpensive black-headed hat pin is no longer possible, alas! and if we cannot afford real jewels, gold or silver, we must deck ourselves in gaudy imitations thereof or be considered hopelessly behind the times.

The designs in silver are very varied and sometimes grotesquely inappropriate. A small cupid, poised on a ball, may be artistic, but it is certainly not appropriate to hold on a hat, and yet this is only one of many equally remarkable pins.

Feathers and jet are combined effectively this fall as a trimming for rich gowns In design the Vandyke point is most in evidence.

One of the latest skirts has the proud distinction of possessing fifteen gores. Its softly falling lines owe their grace to the interlining of fibre chamois.

Dashing Marie Antoinette hats of black velvet are conspicuous for their many plumes. Occasionally a plaid silk scarf is added to increase the striking effect.

The umbrella-back coat which is all the rage owes its success to the interlining of fibre chamois, which produces just the degree of stiffness required.

Plaids are everywhere. They are shown in long Scotch coats, in the latest chevoits for shopping gowns and in the new school frocks for children.

The drooping sleeve, so much the vogue, requires but a slight interlining of fibre chamois to give it exactly the desired effect.

The latest addition to the tailor-made gown is a necklet and waistband of fur. Both fasten with Roman gold buckles and have three tails dangling at the back and in the front. They are most odd in effect, but are regarded as a novelty of the season.

Short, double-breasted coats of black, brown or green velvet, faced on the revers and collar with fur, or white cloth edged with fur, are one of the novelties in outside garments. Large fancy buttons decorate the front. For more common wear there are coats of similar style with strapped seams and melon shaped sleeves.

Russian collars with broad revers and high Medici collars of fur, with narrow capes, are more fashionable than boas for those who can afford the luxury of such a trifle.

Necklets made of a band of fur four or five inches wide, finished in front with little beads and at the back with a big bow of velvet, are among the novelties in neck protectors, while others have lace ends or velvet tabs with velvet rosettes at the sides.

Ruffs of black chiffon, larger than any we have had before, are made very pretty with tiny bits of ostrich feathers on the edge like a fringe, and in addition to these are neck ruches of innumerable loops of velvet ribbon, a little more than an inch wide, or gauze ribbon with a satin edge, sewn to a satin ribbon two inches wide, which ties in a bow in front.

The newest models in capes are shaped to show the outline of the shoulder, which is not completely disguised by fluffy frills as it was in the spring; and the very daintiest things on the list are short capes for evening, made of white velved patterned all over with shadowy roses.

Black satin ribbon, four or five inches wide and elaborately jetted, is used for trimming silk and velvet capes. It is sewn lengthwise at intervals all round, and the upper ends fold over in loops and are gathered in to particularly form the ruche.

Brocade silks in dark colors are made up into afternoon gowns for street wear.

One of the useful makeshifts of fashion is a wide collar and revers of satin, embroidered all over with jet and steel or gold and jet, which can be worn with any evening dress.

The latest sleeve is moulded to the arm from the wrist to two inches above the elbow, and the puff at the top is full, short and drooping.

Leather for dress waists is something unique in the winter fashions. It is tan in color, thin enough to be pliable, and is decorated with applique lace as if it were satin or velvet.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To rest a pair of tired eyes hold your face over a bowl of salt and water until the lashes by winking and blinking act as a sort of sprayer. Once the salt water has reached the pupils of the eye, let it stay there. In this way you will gain a refreshing bath. By wiping the eyes much of the benefit of this dip will be lost.

Nothing so disfigures a woman's looks as a chapped skin. Soon the thermometer will take a downward turn, and then it is that the greatest care must be given to the selection and the application of cold-weather unguents.

Housework, sweeping, dusting, bedmaking, washing, and the incessant processes necessary to keep things bright about a house are excellent for the complexion. They also keep the spirits good and make the worker graceful, strong and agile.

Anything that is healthful is beautifying. A diet of rare broiled beef, beets, asparagus, carrots, onions, juicy fruits, dried toast, soft boiled eggs, and milk will do more toward beautifying a woman than all the lotions and pomades ever invented.

Don't clean brass articles with acids. Use putty powder with sweet oil. Wash off with soapsuds, and then dry. This will insure brightness.

Pink and blue ginghams of washable make can be kept from fading by washing in a weak solution of vinegar and water. Rinse in the same way and dry in the shade.

Chloroform is useful for taking paint stains from black silks. Persistent rubbing is necessary. Chloroform will also restore faded plush goods by sponging carefully.

Ink stains on white goods can be removed by soaking in water and then covering with pounded salts of lemon. Bleach in sun for half an hour, wash in suds, rinse and dry.

Washing the hands in water to which ammonia has been added is a very common recommendation. This would be well enough, perhaps, if the supplementary processes were correctly given, but the direction is simply for putting a little of this substance into the water in which the hands are washed. Somebody follows these directions, and finds the hands rough and disagreeable.

After the use of soap of any sort or any alkaline preparation, the hands should be thoroughly washed in clean water, and rubbed with some soothing compound, such as glycerine and rose-water, a bit of diluted honey, almond oil, or some like substance. This restores the softness of the skin, and prevents chapping.

Camphor ice rubbed on the hands at night will keep them in nice order.

Always keep a jar of cracker dust on hand for breading, or else save up all pieces of bread, and once a month dry them in an open oven, then place them in a bag and pound them until fine.

Articles of food that are damp or juicy should never be left in paper. Paper is merely a compound of rags, glue, lime and similar substances, with acids and chemicals inter-mixed, and when damp is unfit to touch things that are to be eaten.

It is worth while to recall, with the trying winds of winter upon us, that a baked lemon is an excellent remedy for hoarseness, and one often resorted to by singers and public speakers. The lemon is baked like an apple, and a little of the heated and thickened juice squeezed over lump sugar.

A good way to clean lamp chimneys is to hold the palm of the hand against one end of the chimney and breathe into the other, then wipe it carefully with a dry cloth, which will remove all black or other stains. After this a better polish can be given by rubbing it with a cloth moistened with alcohol.

Mrs. Rorer says: "It has been learned, among other things, that beefsteak may be made tender by brushing it well on both sides with a pastry brush dipped in a mixture of equal parts of oil and vinegar. Care must be taken to brush so that the liquid sinks into the fibre. The steak must be put away then for twenty-four hours, and when cooked at the end of that time it will be found tender and excellent."

Many manicures cut with their sharp, curved scissors the loose scarf skin growing around the curve of the finger nail. This practise is condemned by the best authorities, one saying, in the course of a talk upon the subject: "The care of the nails should be limited, strictly, to the use of the knife or scissors to their free border, and the ivory presser alone to their base. The edge or scarf skin should never be pared. The surface of the nail should never be scraped, or the nails cleaned with any instrument whatever saving the nail brush."

It is in bad taste to lay a napkin over the breast. At elegant tables the napkin is only partly shaken from its folds, and is then dropped in the lap to use for wiping the lips and fingers. It is supposed that those who have refined table manners do not scatter crumbs or drop food.

Mrs. Rorer says that men are naturally better cooks than women because they cook to please themselves. A woman cooks for some one else, and left to herself would rather subsist on tea and toast than take any trouble about preparing food. The habit of tasting as one prepares dishes she declared to be actually pernicious, "It wears out the stomach."

A good way to peel ripe tomatoes than that commonly used is to put them into a frying basket and plunge the basket a second into boiling water to loosen the skins. This is particularly the best way to do when one is preparing a quantity of tomatoes, and wishes to keep them all firm and hard. If the boiling water is poured over them in a pan, the tomatoes at the bottom are quite sure to become soft before they are peeled.

Raised Doughnuts.—Take one pint of light bread dough made with milk, add quarter of a cup of butter, half a cup of sugar beaten in two eggs, and nutmeg, cinnamon or mace. Work these ingredients together and add flour enough to mould. Let it rise again, roll out and fry in boiling hot fat. Or, take two cups of sugar and six cups of flour sifted together, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter melted in a pint of warm milk, two eggs well beaten and spice to taste. Add half a cup of good yeast. Mix all this into a stiff dough and set it to rise four or five hours Roll it thin, cut into any desirable shape and fry.

If you have tried Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap you have decided to use it all the time. If you haven't tried it you owe it to yourself to do so. Your grocer has it, or will get it. Be sure that wrappers are printed in red.

THE DYING BODY SUPPLIED WITH THE VIGOR OF LIFE

THROUGH

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life; for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, uncured and badly treated Venereal in its many forms, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ringworm, Saltrheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this Wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain, for when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving and flesh and weight increasing.

Nebraska City, Neb.

Dr. Radway & Co., Dear Sirs: I presume you find most physicians opposed to using proprietary medicines, and I am one of them to a certain extent. But when I find a prepared medicine that will do and accomplish the desired work for which I want it, I do not hesitate to prescribe and use it; and allow me to assure you we have found your Remedies to be very useful and have used and prescribed them quite extensively during the past three years and shall continue to do so, so long as we find good results by so doing. Please allow me also to say that I have been practicing medicine for 18 years, so you perceive I should be (by actual experience) competent of knowing what good results are by using your Remedies.

D. P. NEIHART, M. D.

St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada.

To Dr. Radway—Dear Sir: I account it little sacrifice, indeed, to allow you to publish my letter with regard to Scrofula, after the cures I have been able to effect by following scrupulously your system of treatment.

I again affirm what I spoke of in my last note, and I could recount to you several other cases of different maladies being cured by your system, though the one of Scrofula is by far the most remarkable, and was, in fact, looked upon by many as nothing short of a miracle.

I am your obedient servant,

RANDOLPH McINTYRE, M. D.

IT INCREASES THE FLESH.

Mrs. B——, from a continual drain on her system, wasted away from 165 pounds to 75 pounds in the course of 14 months. She had used barks, iron, sulphuric acid, quinine and many of the much vaunted nostrums of the day, as well as all kinds of injections, and still grew worse. She commenced the use of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. In one month she gained in weight 10 pounds. Day after day she witnessed an increase of flesh and decrease of waste of Leucorrhea. In two months she was entirely cured of the Leucorrhea, and in six months had gained FIFTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT. She is now in the possession of health and beauty. Let all sick ladies take the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

SKIN DISEASES. HUMORS AND SORES.

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Tetters, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Ache and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

That splendid magazine Music which no admirer or practitioner of the divine art can well afford to be without contains in its November number a series of articles whose value is only equalled by their interest. Published at Chicago.

In the way of calendars for 1896 nothing can exceed in beauty those issued by the F. A. Stokes, Co., New York. Among new ones just announced are "A Calendar of Belles" made up of a dozen fac-simile water color pictures of beautiful woman grandly garbed. Another is "A Calendar of Roses" in which twelve lovely roses of various hues are pictured in the truth and colors of nature. The Elves Calendar is also a quaint conceit that makes a pretty and useful boudoir accessory. All we above are for sale by Wanamaker.

We have received from the publishers Ward, Lock and Bowden, London, New York and Melbourne, a beautifully printed and bound volume of poems entitled "Spring's Immortality" by Mackenzie Bell. There are poems in this volume which will bring light and cheer to many a drooping spirit. There are others that will be read with pleasure for the vigor with which they are written. And there are others—more particularly, perhaps, the shorter poems—on which readers will dwell with that delight which thoughtful verse never fails to give. Mr. Bell thinks his own thoughts, and expresses them in his own style and language.

A publication which should certainly popular is "The Pocket Magazine" the first number of which has just appeared. Each number will be complete in itself and is printed in extra large type, fine paper, and is just of a size to be handled easily. The authors and stories in the initial volume are: "How the Brigadier came to the Castle of Gloom," by A. Conan Doyle; "That Day," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Veteran," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward; "The Story of Bishop Johnson," by James L Ford; "A Reverie of College Days," by Ik Marvel and "Little French Mary," by Sarah O. Jewett. Published by F. O Stokes, Co., New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for November has the following contents "The Principles of Taxation," by Hon. David A. Wells; "Primigenial Skeletons." "The Flood," and "The Glacial Period," (illustrated;) "Recent Tendencies in the Education of Women;" "Consumption Considered as a Contagious disease;" "The Past and Future of Gold;" "Professional Institutions," by Herbert Spencer; "The Aims of Anthropology," by Prof. Daniel G. Brinton; "Recent Recrudescence of Superstition;" "Evolution in Folklore;" "Studies of Childhood;" "Sketch of Alexander Dallas Bache," (With Portrait;) "Correspondence," and other departments. Published in New York.

A particularly interesting and valuable publication for the reference library or general reading is Sir Walter Besant's "Westminster," which is a complete historical account of the English Parliamentary Buildings from the earliest times to the present day. The treatise in the multitude of side lights it throws upon past men measures and events makes it read with all the interest of a romance. It is illustrated by over a hundred pictures of the palace and of persons and things connected with it. Beautifully printed and bound in a large volume of 400 pages. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York, and for sale by John Wanamaker.

One of the most interesting of the coming holiday publications as a present both for boys or all loving adventure, is "The Land of Tawny Beasts," translated from the French of Pierre Mael and containing fifty-two fine illustrations. It is a charming narrative of hunting exploits in India and is full of interesting doings of man and animal told in a truthful and very entertaining way. The type is exceedingly large, the paper of the best and the whole get up of the volume worthy its high literary character. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

The Eclectic for November is a superior number in the extent and variety of its contents. It contains articles from the leading magazines of England by leading writers on the foremost topics of the day. Notable selections are, "The Church's Opportunity," "Huxley in His Relation to Science," "Jingoism in America," and "The Awakening of China." These are a fair average of the interest that mark all its valuable contributions. Published at New York.

He Didn't Run.

BY A HUNTER.

We know that the horse may enjoy a fox hunt as much as his rider. Our common experience should teach us that all the higher animals can reason within certain limits. No true sportsman can doubt this of the dog. That a deer enjoys the chase, I think an experience of mine goes to prove; that he reasoned, is certain to my mind.

There was an old buck on the edge of the everglades in Florida I had repeatedly hunted. I had tried dogs, but he fled immediately to haunts where we could not follow him because of the alligators.

Therefore, I wanted that particular old deer, and I preferred to beat him at his own game. Determined to match myself, unaided and alone, against this old veteran, I left Jacksonville in November, 1894, taking only my rifle, camp equipage and a cook.

At Rock Ledge, on the Indian river, I loaded a wagon and drove back to the St. Johns. Here I took a boat and went up the river fifteen or twenty miles to Lake Winder, on the western bank of which I landed and sent the boat back.

I then walked two miles to Savage's, and returned with a wagon and two yoke of oxen to resume the trip south. I had provisions for a month, and was determined to bag my game if it became necessary to "live off the country" after the stock was exhausted. I had set out through a country abounding with game to kill one deer. I had the utmost confidence that I should be able to find him, and I was determined to come out with the trophies of success.

We passed to the south through a country well worth a trip to see. Between the great marsh and the forest of pine, oak, and palmetto is a broad strip of prairie where, in the winter months, the traveling is as good as on the finest meadow. On many former trips wells had been dug at convenient distances, and here we would camp in fragrant groves as free from underbrush as an English park.

We were six days on the march. After the second day we found the game undisturbed and plentiful. The teamster killed a maiden doe on the first day, and we had steak for dinner and a roast for supper. Next morning I walked out just at daybreak and shot a fine turkey as he had begun his breakfast on the small acorns which give him such a delicious flavor.

But on the third day we had no difficulty in selecting just what we wanted. So it was for a week, except when we passed a spot where cowboys had lately camped. On Sunday we reached our destination.

We found the well full of sweet water, and took up our quarters in a clump of pines near the lake from which the St. Johns takes its rise—but still without baptism—and about ten miles from the Alpatti Flats separating us from the hunting grounds of the Seminoles. I was at last ready for my interview. On Monday the three of us built the "palmetto shanty" in which I proposed to live till my work was done, and then the driver with the wagon and team returned, to be seen no more till Dec. 10.

Let us come down to the day when the artful old buck gave up the fight. It was on Dec. 14. Allan and I had left camp early and had spent a most enjoyable forenoon. The woods were beautiful. Not all all the flowers had disappeared and the hum of the wild bees resounded everywhere.

Then we heard distant snorts and the plaintive bleats of a doe for its young. The one we knew to be the warcry of the buck in fight, the other was unaccountable. As swiftly as we could, without making too much noise, we sped toward the noise. In ten minutes we were on the edge of a glade or "savannah," covered with short grass. In the centre crouched a young doe, and by her side was a fawn not two hours' old. Between the two and the further edge of the glade stood our old buck, his hair bristling, his horns lowered as if in expectation of a charge, snorting in defiance. His eyes, as he turned, were green with rage, and followed a moving object in the palmetto. Watching, we soon saw a panther passing backward and forward on the edge of the woods.

He had made up his mind to make a breakfast of the fawn, but the old buck showed a front so formidable that he hesitated. Forward and back the panther crawled, but the buck was alway beyond a leap and between him and the doe. At last he worked around nearer us, showed all his teeth in a spiteful snarl, and crouched.

We fired together. Like a ball he rose in the air and struck the ground within ten feet of the buck. The deer seemed hardly to wait for the panther to touch the earth before he also was in the air. With all his feet together he struck the struggling cat and seemed to stab him through and through. But immediately he was in the air again and landed a dozen feet away. Then he lowered his head and plunged at the panther like a bull. There was a confusion of flying dirt and grass, and again the buck sprang away. There were scratches on his head and neck, but those keen antlers were bloody to the forks.

The panther tried to rise, but the buck rose and stabbed with feet together and sprang away. Then the panther lay gasping, but made no attempt to rise, and the buck stood watching him with bulging eyes.

Then he walked forward. I do not believe the deer had noticed our fire. But when he saw us I think he realized that he was in our power. His proud crest lowered and he stood still. There was still no evidence of any intention to flee.

As we advanced he moved so as to stand between us and the doe. By her side he stopped again and waited. The doe seemed paralized with fear. We walked up to the panther. He was so cut up we could not tell how badly he was wounded when the buck undertook the work of finishing him, but both shoulders seemed broken. The horns of the deer had passed repeatedly through his body.

During our examination the old buck stood quietly by the doe in plain view within forty yards of us. No gladiator ever showed more royally. Without a word we finished our examination of the great cat and walked off.

We never hunted that old buck again. I am satisfied he knew his best chance for life was to act as he did. I believe no man ever reasoned more clearly or logically. Peace and happiness to him!

DIVORCEES IN EUROPE.—Divorcees are increasing in number at such a rate on this side of the Atlantic that, in view of the custom of well-to do Americans to spend a portion of their lives in European capitals, it may be well to give a few words of warning as to which are the courts where they will be excluded and those where they will be welcome.

I am perfectly aware, declares the Chicago Record, that some of my fair readers may argue that divorces secured in this country do not concern European royalty. Nor do they, as long as the divorcee does not crave presentation and admission to the royal and imperial courts of the old world.

But the moment she asks to be presented and looks for permission to attend drawing rooms and other ceremonious functions, her antecedents become a matter of relative importance to the authorities of the court which she proposes to honor with her presence.

Of course, no one expects for an instant that the chamberlains at the head of the royal and imperial households can keep track of all the innumerable marriages which are legally dissolved on this side of the water and may occasionally permit ladies with a past to penetrate the sacred precincts of the sovereign's abode. But those burdened with antecedents of this character always run the risk of the disgrace of subsequently seeing an official publication in the government gazette and in the local press to the effect that their presentation was cancelled.

This has happened to two New York ladies in London. They had been duly presented, when some busybody who happened to be acquainted with the fact that they were divorcees communicated the information to the Lord Chamberlain, with the result that a few days later the official gazette contained a brief paragraph dated from the Lord Chamberlain's office, and intimating that Her Majesty had given orders that the presentation of Mrs. X. and Mrs Z., of New York, should be cancelled. This was equivalent to the closing against them of every door in Europe which they might wish to enter.

Of all courts, those most strict in their exclusion of divorcees are the English and the Austrian. There is but one exception made by Queen Victoria to this rule, namely, in favor of her goddaughter, the Marchioness of Blandford, first wife of the late Duke of Marlborough, and their is likewise one exception at the court of Vienna, Countess Marie Festetics, the sister of the late Duke of Hamilton, and whose first husband was the now reigning Prince of Monaco.

At Berlin divorcees are discriminated against, although exceptions are very numerous. Queen Louise of Denmark will not tolerate them at the Court of Copenhagen, nor Queen Regent Christina at the Court of Spain. But they are welcome at the Court of King Humbert, where, although divorce is not legally recognized by the law of the land, there is no royal prejudice against it.

ROMANCE OF A WIG.—A tragic ending to a comic scene has resulted in the heroine of the adventure being conveyed to the hospital in a very precarious state, while the hero is securely under lock and key at the depot of the Prefecture of Police in Paris. The whole affair turned on some silly fun and stupid horseplay about a wig. A young man had been fascinated by the attractions of a girl a few years his junior and had asked to be permitted to pay his attentions to her, but she was by no means disposed to return the compliment, as he had become very bald through illness, and as the object of his affections concisely put it, she would never dream of marrying any one with no hair on his head.

The youth meditated over his discomfiture, and then a happy thought flashed upon him. He would repair the ravages of unkind nature by a recourse to art, and forthwith he wended his way to a hairdresser's shop and became the delighted possessor of a wig with curls and lovelocks and elaborate partings in front and behind, which, as he fondly hoped, would produce the desired impression on the heart of the obdurate young woman.

Thus adorned, he proceeded that evening to a restaurant where she was dining with some friends, but to his horror she not only burst out laughing when he appeared on the scene but presently made a dash at his wig, which she tore off, revealing his denuded head to the astonished gaze of the party.

The youth endeavored to wrest the wig from her grasp, and so, finding herself hard pressed, the fair maiden passed it over to one of her companions, who tossed it to the other side of the room and then, as, ignorant of the fact, he still struggled, she dealt him a slap in the face.

Beside himself with disappointment and wrath, the young man snatched a knife from the table and, ere the spectators of the scene could interfere, he stabbed the girl in the neck.

Cries of dismay now resounded instead of the peals of laughter which had hitherto rent the air as the young woman fell fainting to the floor.

The police were summoned, and while the youth was led off in custody the girl was taken to the shop of a neighboring druggist, pending her removal to the hospital. It is feared that she will not recover.

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Humorous.

A PETITION.

Ethel, fairest of the fair—
Ethel, of the golden hair
And eyes of azure splendor—
Brighter than stars of tropic night,
Now kindling with a radiant light,
Now melting, soft, and tender—

Think not I seek to win thy love;
That were a bliss far, far above
My hopes or my ambition.
I only ask thee, cousin mine,
If thou wilt graciously incline
To grant one brief petition.

Small, small the boon I crave; but, tho' 'tis
Beneath, I fear, thy queenly notice,
Believe 'tis much to me.
Then wilt thou, day by day, endeavor
To recollect, dear, I never
Take sugar in my tea?

R. R.

Pressed for time—Mummies.

Land agitation—An earthquake.

A good side show—A pretty cheek.

A type of female beauty—The typewriter.

Held for further hearing—The ear trumpet.

A good place for the militia to drill would be in a stone quarry.

It has been said that the hen is eternal because her son will never set. Which reminds us that eggs are always miss laid.

This much is to be said in favor of the tattooed man. While a great many men have designs upon others his are all upon himself.

She: Do you believe in fortune-telling by cards?

He: No; but I believe in fortune-losing that way.

Watts: So you believe that the good die young?

Potts: That used to worry me a good deal when I was a boy, but I know better now.

Bessie: The idea of your saying you are only twenty-one!

Gussie: You forget mamma told us that it is always best to underrate than to exaggerate.

Judge: Defendant, can you advance anything more toward your defence?

Defendant: No, your Honor; I had only $1, and I have already given that to my lawyer.

Husband: H'm—er—what's the matter with this cake?

Wife, angrily: Nothing at all. The cookery book says it is the most delicious cake that can be made.

Buggins: I never realized De Tanque's courage until last night.

Muggins: What did he do; refuse a drink?

Buggins: No; he took off a porous plaster and never uttered a groan."

"No, he doesn't love me," she sighed, as she listened to the receding footsteps of the youth who had just parted from her. "No, he doesn't love me. He said good night only four times before going."

Tanglefoot: Oh, isn't this waltz divine?

Miss Smilax: Well, perhaps it is divine; but it happens to be a polka instead of a waltz, and the sooner your feet are acquainted with the fact the better we are likely to get along.

He: I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss, when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine.

She: And was there no bridge or no boat?

"And now, brethren," said Rev. Mr. Wigus, as the contribution box started on its rounds, "remember, that while it is well to direct your petitions to the throne of grace, they are much less apt to miscarry if the postage has been liberally prepaid."

Mrs. Youngma: And so my darling got the prize at the baby show. I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise.

Old bachelor (one of the judges): Yes, madam; we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot.

"No, George," she said, "I can never be yours."

"Then I am rejected?" he moaned.

"No, dearest, not that; but I am a woman's suffragist, and cannot be any man's. You, however, may be mine, if you will."

The response of a certain Frenchman to a handsome woman who complained that she had discovered three gray hairs in her head was paradoxical but pretty.

"Madam," he said, "so long as they can be counted they don't count."

Laura: While Jack was calling the other evening he made the statement that he would kiss me or die in the attempt.

Belle: Yes. (After a pause.) Well, did he kiss you?

Laura: You haven't read any account of Jack's death in the papers, have you?

Mrs. F. (petulantly): You never kiss me now.

Mr. F: The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed! One would think you were a girl of eighteen.

Mrs. F., sharply: What do you know about girls of eighteen?

Mr. F., with great presence of mind: Why, my dear, weren't you eighteen once yourself?

A BIG INVESTMENT.—A New Yorker was seated in an office in Gunnison city one day not long ago, when a grisly-looking old man entered and asked if that was the place where they sold shares of the White Horse Silver Mine.

Being assured that he was in the office of the company, he observed, "I have heard the White Horse spoken of as being a likely mine."

"It certainly is. We took ten thousand dollars' worth of ore out in one day."

"Phew! She must be just old richness! How many men have ye got to work?"

"Oh, about three hundred!"

"Have ye, though? Are the sheers going off purty lively?"

"Shares are selling like hot cakes, and we have only a few left. Everybody says the White Horse is a big investment."

"What are sheers worth to-day?"

"I will sell you at ninety-five, though I know they will be worth face-value to morrow."

"No! You don't really mean ninety-five?"

"I do."

"Well, that's better. There's a hundred sheers which you sold my pard yesterday for twenty dollars. I went over to the mine, found nothing but a hole and a dead mule, and I told him I'd come up and get his money back or do some shoot'ng. I'm 'tarnal glad to find them sheers has riz from twenty to ninety-five. That will give my pard his money back, and buy me a winter outfit besides. Here's the sheers; and now let me see the color of your money."

"But, sir, we——"

"Pass out the cash!" said the old man, as he rested the end of his shooter on the edge of the counter.

The "company" had left his revolver in his overcoat outside. After a look around, with a bland smile he began counting out the money; and, as he made the exchange, he said, "Certainly, sir—greatest of pleasure, sir. Sorry you didn't hold them one day more, and get the full face value!"

HER CURE.—"My husband is dreadfully troubled with insomnia," said Mrs. Bloobumper.

"He wakes up about two o'clock every morning, and then he can't go to sleep again. He tosses about until daylight, and growls and fusses so that I can't get any sleep myself."

"My husband used to be troubled that way," replied Mrs. Dawker; "but I discovered a remedy which never fails."

"Oh, do tell me about it?"

"Well, I noticed that my husband always slept the soundest when it was time to get up. No matter how wakeful he had been all night, just as soon as rising time came he went to sleep and slept like a log."

"That's just the way with Mr. Bloobumper, exactly. But tell me what you did."

"Well, when Mr. Cawker woke up in the night and began to toss about and say he couldn't get a wink of sleep, I simply went across the room, pretended to look at the clock and said: 'Oh, that's all right. You don't need to go to sleep again. It's time for you to get up.' That always put him to sleep in a minute."

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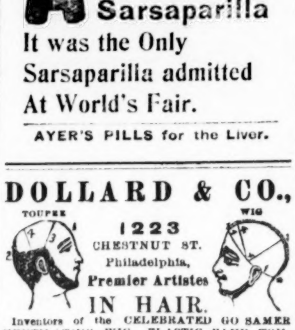

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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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FOR NEW YORK.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.08, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.08, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train) 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.10 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 4.30, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

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